LITERARY BAY OF PIGS ALEXANDER WERTH

THE
NATION

JUNE 5, 1967 *35 cents*

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The Judges Are Everywhere

GOSTA JULIN

Vietnam: This Is Guernica

CARL OGLESBY

NEW YORK's FORGOTTEN DROUGHT NOEL PERRIN

DOUBLE THE EFFORT & SQUARE THE ERROR

MALCOLM W. BROWNE *on Roger Hilsman*

Hugh MacDiarmid: Highland Red / SEAN CRONIN

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LETTERS

caught out

New York City

DEAR SIRS: Since I took a part in the *Encounter* controversy in *The Nation* last year, let me say that I agree with your editorial summing up (May 29 issue), and would only wish to add the following.

None of the *mea culpa*'s (or *tua* and *sua culpa*'s) that we are hearing these days is ever offered spontaneously. Only when these people are caught out do we get either apology or correct information. This can only make the rest of us wonder in what areas we are being deceived *right now*. And to wonder that is to realize that we must do more than wonder. We must press for every kind of exposure of the truth whenever opportunity offers. And we must be very suspicious of those who have aroused our suspicion. Lyndon Johnson may have stopped the CIA infiltration of student organizations; but he would never have done so except for exposures which "his" people did everything they could to prevent. Melvin Lasky has admitted being "insufficiently frank" about certain things in his past. The important point is: what is he being "insufficiently frank" about now? And what will he be "insufficiently frank" about in the future? And isn't the phrase "insufficiently frank" an unpardonable euphemism, especially when used by the guilty party? Mr. Lasky described the whole episode as a storm in a teacup. In other words, it all means very little to him. Which, in turn, is of interest to those of us who would like to appraise *Encounter* correctly. If we may judge by its editor's present position, it is clearly bankrupt, politically and spiritually. Congress for Cultural what? *Eric Bentley*

and Senator Morse

Portland, Ore.

DEAR SIRS: Your editorial of May 15 entitled "War on the Third Front" was excellent and to the point. You wrote about "This slighting of the Senate . . ." and specifically mentioned "Fulbright, Church, Gruening, McGovern, McCarthy, Kennedy and other oppositionists." The omission of Sen. Wayne Morse must be considered an oversight on the part of your editorial writer.

This is a very unfortunate omission especially since Senators Gruening and Morse have not only led the anti-Vietnamese War debate in the Senate since 1963 but have been the only two who have consistently *voted* against the Administration on Vietnam, including appropriations. . . . *Charles M. Grossman, M.D.*

The omission was unintended, and we apologize to Senator Morse, whose courage and wisdom we have had frequent occasion to praise in the past. The Editors

struggle for community

Stevens Point, Wis.

DEAR SIRS: There is a way, not often mentioned, that the two movements, peace and civil rights, are linked. Hitherto civil rights activists, black and white, have worked toward a rather limited goal—integration of the Negro into an essentially sick society. I am aware that there was often a barrier between whites and blacks in the movement, even though it was designed precisely to bring that wall down, and one reason for the continued existence of the barrier may have been the limited nature of the civil rights movement. But concerning militarism in our country we are all, black and white, brutalized and exploited, so that as we struggle together against the curse of militarism we may yet build that classless community which the civil rights movement has failed to create.

James Missey

EDITORIALS

The Third Front

United Nation

The Palestine war of 1948-49 was strictly a conflic between the Arabs and the new state of Israel. In th second round—the tripartite operation of 1956 in Sue and the Sinai—the Arab-Israeli conflict was compounde by a post-colonial adventure and cold-war rumblings. Co lonialism is not a factor in the new Middle East crisis but the cold war is—plus inter-Arab rivalry and Egyptia desire for hegemony in the area. This shows the extrem complexity of the situation which faced the United Na tions in mid-May, when the organization was already im measurably weakened, and its peace-keeping capacity wa at its lowest ebb.

There were grounds to criticize U Thant for the wa he handled the initial Egyptian request for withdrawa of the UN Emergency Force. By granting immediatel the maximum demands of the U.A.R., instead of tem porizing as was warranted by precedent and the need fo consultations, the Secretary General put himself and th United Nations in an unfavorable position for bargainin with Cairo. Any illusion he may have entertained tha the prompt endorsement of the U.A.R. request woul satisfy President Nasser's need to reassert his leadershi in the crusade against Israel was dissipated by the Egyp tian blockade of the Gulf of Aqaba, which followe promptly.

U Thant could have gone immediately to Cairc t "clarify" the U.A.R.'s intentions. His peace mission a fe days later was jeopardized by the speed of events precipi tated by the initial Egyptian diplomatic success. It i possible, however, that the Secretary General's legalisti attitude concerning the withdrawal of the Blue Helmet from Egyptian soil was motivated by a desire to avoid an tagonizing the Soviet Union, whose opposition to an infringement of national sovereignty by UN forces is we known. Having cut himself off completely from the Unite States on the Vietnamese issue, U Thant did not want t find himself in a similar position vis-à-vis the Sovie Union in the other potentially major conflict of the da Barring complete irresponsibility in Cairo or Jerusalem the most serious question behind the present Middle Eas crisis is the depth of the involvement of the Soviet Unior From an initial reserve, Moscow moved last week to th ominous stance of a possible co-belligerent on the Ara side.

There are signs that, while the two superpowers hav achieved a sort of equilibrium in Asia and Europe, th Middle East is providing the Soviet Union with a "Thir Front" to change the balance of power to its advantage The Soviet-oriented Syrian Government, whose activ hostility against Israel has undoubtedly precipitated th present crisis, has already greatly solidified Moscow'

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foothold in the area. Cairo, which has slipped away under conflicting nationalist pressures, could swing back to the Soviet orbit. How far the Soviet Union is ready to go is anyone's guess.

The U.A.R. set the stage for a trial by arms when it blockaded the Gulf of Aqaba and mined the Strait of Tiran. In spite of solemn pronouncements in favor of free navigation in international waters, the United States has not given an airtight promise to come to Israel's assistance if it chooses to run the blockade. The Vietnamese commitment has top priority in Washington. The hope is that the Soviet Union will not elect to press a showdown on the "Third Front." The same hope applies to Israel, which might be tempted to defy the Egyptian *diktat* in order to force a victory which past diplomatic exercises have rarely given it.

The meetings of the Security Council showed once again that no dove of peace can nest in the halls of the United Nations when the big powers do not agree among themselves. Even the innocuous and well-meaning resolution (submitted by Canada and Denmark) for a general "cooling off" went down in futility. The creation of the state of Israel was made possible because, at that time, both the United States and the Soviet Union favored it. The UN was able to intervene in the Suez crisis because both Washington and Moscow condemned the Suez-Sinai expedition. The present *status quo* can remain in the Middle East only if Washington and Moscow do not want it upset. The four-power conference proposed by France and accepted by Washington and London could provide both the breathing spell and the framework necessary for common efforts to restore the situation, if such is the general wish.

ANNE WEILL-TUCKERMAN

Retreat To Reason

Despite reassurances from Gen. Earle C. Wheeler, Jr., chairman of the Joint Chiefs—or rather because of them—there is considerable warrant for concern about the possibility of a ground invasion of North Vietnam. This is a development we have consistently regarded as altogether "thinkable" ("On Not Knowing When To Stop," editorial, *The Nation,* May 1), and recent events and portents seem to have made it more likely.

(*1*) We are now bombing within the city limits of Hanoi, and the number of possible targets for air strikes in the whole of Vietnam is shrinking. *Business Week* May 20) points out that short of an invasion of North Vietnam, or a series of "all-out devastation" bomb raids, there is not much left to escalate. Of course we could de-escalate, the air strikes having been proved futile—or even pull back, as we have done temporarily from our invasion of the southern half of the demilitarized zone—but neither of these options is likely to appeal to the military, who increasingly run this show. In addition, either pull-back or de-escalation would infuriate the hawks,

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who would turn their beaks and claws on President Johnson.

(2) The stories given out about the pro tem invasion of the demilitarized zone strongly suggest that they were designed for future justification of a ground invasion in depth. We have acted "defensively," merely to pre-empt positions and because the enemy's build-up was causing distress in the Marine bases of "Leatherneck Square." But at the UN, in Canada and in Europe, the reverse of this proposition is suggested, namely, that the North Vietnamese, fearing a future invasion, have moved into the zone in force to ward it off. The theory cannot be called implausible, nor would it be surprising if our foray was designed to provoke them further—and thus justify our future moves.

In any case the demilitarized zone, as one observer put it, has now lost its "virginity." A year ago it was forbidden even to talk about the possibility of ground action in this buffer area but now, the psychological basis having been prepared, it can be expected that the American public will not be greatly shocked at a recurrence on a larger scale.

The ones who will cry havoc are the peace forces and those Senators who have been warning against further escalation—but the President has shown a massive capacity for ignoring their counsel. Sen. Thruston B. Morton, a moderate Republican, continues to caution against the apparent Administration belief that we can achieve total victory in Vietnam without bringing Communist China into the war and perhaps precipitating "total world holocaust." But his warnings, and those of other anti-hawks, carry less weight at the White House and the Pentagon than the assurances of Secretary Rusk who, having been wrong about Chinese intentions in Korea, is now presumed to be right this time. He is supported by the "think-tank" boys, at the Hudson Institute for example, who assure us that the Chinese will not move as long as we do not get into the Red River Valley. How they know this remains their secret.

(3) The decision to place the "other war" under military direction is an indication that the effort to "win the hearts and minds of the people" is a bust. It means also that the strategy of "counterinsurgency" has been relegated to the dustbin.

(4) Perhaps most important, political time is running out for the President. The next three months will be critical in terms of laying down a political line for the 1968 elections. Mr. Johnson may be unable to face the prospect of being locked into a bloody war of attrition with no prospect of a settlement. The temptation will then be great to try just one more desperate move—and invade by land, sea and air, at the same time asking Congress to declare war, which would put a damper on partisan criticism and general debate.

But this crowning act of folly has not yet occurred. With a crisis in the Middle East, and faced with cumulative warnings about the danger of Chinese intervention the President may even now decide to beat a retreat to reason, and abandon any thought of sending U.S. forces across the Ben Hai River.

Tuesday's Menu

The lunch at which Mr. Johnson tried to probe the minds and hearts of the disaffected intellectuals was a one-time affair, but *The Washington Post* has provided an insight into how high policy is made in Washington these days: the recurring Tuesday lunch, preceding which Messrs. Rusk, McNamara and Rostow meet, sip dietetic root beer or sherry, and prepare to wrestle with affairs of state. Soon they are joined by the President, who puts them at their ease with a brief interval of small talk and leads the way into the dining room. There, in the reporter's words, Mr. Johnson "dips into the minds of the men around him in smorgasbord fashion" and decides what to do next in Vietnam.

The first morsel is drawn from Mr. Rusk, whose great merit is impassivity. Less stoical is Mr. McNamara, who is said to be disquieted by the war. At the foot of the table sits Mr. Rostow, "father of the strategy of vigorously intensifying the war." Playing with destiny, he is both eager and nervous. Soon he will be immortalized in bronze as the giant who steered the President to victory—if he is not thrown headfirst down the Capitol steps.

The Nation has no desire to spoil the well-earned appetites of men so burdened by fate, but after all they are gambling with the lives of nearly 200 million Americans, not to speak of the rest of humanity. The Tuesday lunches have failed to produce policies that, just possibly, might work. "The group is ingrown," critics say. "Mr. Rusk and Mr. McNamara are tired men . . . there is an inadequate upflow of ideas and an inadequate downflow of results. . . ."

Perhaps a change of personnel would relieve these strangulations. For better or worse, all these movers and shakers may be retired in 1968, but in the meantime might not Mr. Rusk be given surcease from his tireless labors of seven years? He is no doubt skillful in negotiation. He knows how not to make waves. He has a nice touch with Southern Congressmen. He is as cool as an iceberg—and as difficult to move from a position. But how can the policies which have failed be changed as long as he is there? He has an enormous emotional and career investment in all that has happened. He is a symbol of what is wrong and sterile in American policy—and it is not in him (as it would not be in many men) to admit errors so mammoth.

What will Mr. Rusk do if, relieved of the cares of state, he can curl up at night with a good book instead of another load of bad news? Our suggestion for rewarding reading is the ill-fated GOP report, "The War in Vietnam," known as the White Paper. Five hundred

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copies were bootlegged about Washington, but it is not likely that one was allowed to reach Mr. Rusk. Fortunately, it has now been reprinted by the Public Affairs Press, 419 New Jersey Avenue S.E., Washington, D.C. 20003. Mr. Rusk could get a copy for $1 and, as a private citizen, he might be able to appreciate the worth of ideas he never had while in office.

The VOA Technique

Broadcast from Washington, April 18, a Voice of America account of the anti-war demonstrations of April 15 began in a fairly neutral tone. Although the broadcaster gives the estimated number of marchers in New York City as 100,000, considerably below the police count and about a third of Martin Luther King's claim, he concedes that the march reflected "strong, though minority, feelings about the Vietnamese conflict." Then he lists some of the organizations and individuals involved, and muses that "not for a long while have such heterogeneous groups put up so homogeneous—if temporary—a front. One could read this as a jelling of minority public opinion."

This descriptive section contains a reference to Dr. King's alleged "fracturing" of the civil rights movement and is suffused with a faint air of aversion but, after all, the writer is working for VOA, which is not in business to praise opposition to the cold war, or the Vietnamese War in particular. It is when he embarks on his job of news "analysis" that the writer sees to it that VOA gets its money's worth.

"Many older spectators of the march," he says, "must have recalled the days before World War II when pacifists, isolationists, Communists, pro-Nazi German-American organizations, and a good many idealists of various kinds joined in opposing American entry into the conflict in Europe. The parallel stops there, of course, because the United States was not actually at war in 1939 and 1940. . . ."

The parallel never starts, because those disparate elements never "joined" in their opposition. Between an organization like the Communist-led League Against War and Fascism and the pro-Nazi shirt outfits there was as much community of interest as between Winston Churchill and Adolf Hitler. Even after the signing of the German-Soviet nonaggression pact in 1939 there was never the slightest collaboration between Nazi and Communist groups in the United States, while individuals like Robert M. Hutchins and Charles A. Lindbergh, both of whom opposed American involvement, did so for entirely different reasons. The purported analogy is nothing but an attempt to smear the opposition to the Vietnamese War, in which the United States is playing a role much like that of the German and Italian Fascists in Spain in 1936-39. *There* is the analogy from which VOA wants the world to avert its eyes.

After saying that the United States was not actually at war in 1939 and 1940, the broadcaster continues: "Today the United States is in conflict in Vietnam. What shocked and angered many spectators of the New York rally was that, as a *Washington Post* correspondent put it, while Americans were dying in Vietnam other Americans were 'imploring peace and surrender to the enemy.' " Then he sets up the usual Administration wail that Ho Chi Minh will be hardened in his contumacy and will not show "a real interest in peace" because of the demonstrations.

So the U.S. is "in conflict" in Vietnam. VOA does not dare say "at war," because it knows, as everyone knows, that the Johnson Administration has by-passed the Congress in the whole wretched adventure, and that Mr. Johnson campaigned on a platform of nonescalation and, as soon as he was assured of another four years in office, became a hawk of hawks, while pretending still to be a moderate. One wonders where VOA expects to find an audience gullible enough to fall for propaganda at this level. Not in Asia, surely, where it will be welcomed only by the corrupt ruling classes of such countries as South Vietnam, Thailand, Korea and the Philippines. For all their tribalism and illiteracy, many Africans are likewise suspicious of the VOA. Within the Soviet orbit some potential defectors may be discouraged, since they can only conclude that the American Government tells even bigger lies than their own. As for the rest of Europe, *The Wall Street Journal* recently did a study which reached the conclusion that 80 per cent of European public opinion opposes the U.S. "conflict" in Vietnam, and that some such proportion runs through virtually all sections of the population, even those with reason to be prepossessed in America's favor. The VOA is pouring all those kilowatts into the air for no purpose except to provide work for some thousands of placemen.

Why Intellectuals Dislike LBJ

Among the recent sob stories coming out of the White House is the tale of the "Little Monks" and the President's lunch with a select group of intellectuals who work for him. The latter would fit into a musical comedy. Here were sixteen men, sitting around the President in the White House Fish Room, summoned to tell him what the devil was the matter with those other intellectuals, not in the Administration, who constantly gripe about the Vietnamese War and in manifold ways show their lack of love for LBJ. Did he really expect to find out what was wrong? He would have had a better chance of getting usable information if he had set up a suggestion box.

One courageous soul did suggest that the war might have something to do with the alienation of the intellectuals, but the consensus was that the highbrows were no more disgruntled than a "noisy minority" of the general population. No one was so ill-mannered as to refer to the almost continuous series of protests from university

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faculties—391 at Cornell, 321 at Columbia—at just about the time of the great fact-finding lunch.

The President himself seems to be rankled by a suspicion that his personality is at the bottom of his unpopularity among the intellectuals. We have said in these columns that it was not his Texas background or his lack of Eastern polish or his accent or his vocabulary or his haberdashery that puts us off. These are trivialities. It is his policies, his gross deception in the 1964 campaign and other political specifics that we criticize.

Yet, while we wish to keep the discussion at this level and not carp at Mr. Johnson for traits and habits he can't help, we will venture to call to his attention some unendearing mannerisms that he could avoid without trying to make himself over. The "Little Monks" story is a case in point. Mr. Johnson inflicted this anecdote on at least ten different audiences in as many months; it became a kind of Presidential vaudeville. What a commentary on Mr. Johnson's taste, his perception, his sensibility! The editors of the most banal pulp magazine would recoil from this "your daddy" goo, and the mental and emotional processes it reveals.

The story, which involves not a "little monk" but a 5 ft. 10 in. friar, is downright insulting to Catholic intellectuals in particular. They are expected to believe that when the President ordered the bombing of the Hanoi and Haiphong areas last summer—and feared that many U.S. planes would be lost, that many civilians might be killed, that a Soviet ship might be hit and World War III might be precipitated—none of these disasters occurred and Mr. Johnson slept the sleep of the just because he went to a Catholic Church with his daughter Luci and prayed. Luci was not surprised, the story goes. "I knew my little monk (s) wouldn't fail me," she is supposed to have said. Luci is entitled to her beliefs and the President is entitled to a faith in the efficacy of prayer. But he cannot expect intellectuals to throw their hats in the air when he publicizes such debauchery of reason and religion.

LITERARY BAY OF PIGS

ALEXANDER WERTH

Paris

Ten years ago we in Europe knew very little about the CIA except that it had somehow, in cooperation with Mr. Loy Henderson, managed to bring about the overthrow of Prime Minister Mossadegh of Iran, much to the joy of the American and British oil companies. Today—or rather for the last four or five years—we can't get away from the CIA. One now expects to find out in the end that it is somehow mixed up in every dirty or shady thing that happens. There was Guatemala, and then the Bay of Pigs; then British Guiana; then, much nearer home, the kidnaping, in October, 1965, outside the "Drugstore" of St.-Germain-des-Prés, of Ben Barka, the progressive and "neutralist" Moroccan leader, who was thereupon apparently murdered in some horrible way in a villa outside Paris. François Mauriac openly accused the "American secret services" of having helped General Mohammed Oufkir, the Moroccan Minister of the Interior—against whom an arrest warrant was issued by the French Government—to dispose of Ben Barka. And, much more recently, there has been the military-Fascist *Putsch* in Greece. The French press has no doubt whatever that the CIA—which counts the Queen Mother Frederika among its friends in that country—helped to engineer a coup that may well (as Jean Daniel writes in a well-reasoned article in *Le Nouvel Observateur*) turn Greece into a "European Vietnam," with a Resistance movement developing in the north and, sooner or later, involving Albania, Yugoslavia and Bulgaria. It has also been openly reported that Svetlana Alliluyeva's trip to the United States was arranged by the CIA, even though the left-wing "Gaullist" writer, Emmanuel d'Astier de la Vigerie, had implored her to stay in France or Switzerland, and "not sell herself to the Americans," especially with the war raging in Vietnam. But no; having been escorted by the CIA to Italy and then Switzerland, she was talked into doing "Kravchenko" in the United States—press conferences, bestseller, serial rights, a million dollars and all.

Yes, the European press has been full of the CIA. *Le Monde* has been writing at length of CIA money coming ostensibly from the American labor unions, having split up the CGT, the French trade union federation in 1947-48, as a result of which the "Socialist" *Force Ouvrière* broke away from the "Communist-dominated" CGT and the French trade union movement was badly weakened.

No less interesting, and even more ominous, is the influence the CIA has been exercising on the "intellectual life of Europe," as reported in mid-May by the two principal English Sunday papers, the *Sunday Times* and *The Observer*. Neither paper is anti-American, but for them the CIA's "intellectual" activities in Europe and elsewhere are too much to swallow. More than a page in *The Observer* of May 14 was devoted to "The *Encounter* Affair: the Tortuous Path Leading up to the Row over *Encounter* and the CIA"; while the *Sunday Times* gave a whole page to "CIA Culture: The Story of a Literary Bay of Pigs." The *Observer* piece is illustrated by pictures of Melvin Lasky, who "was told about the CIA in strict confidence," Stephen Spender "who soldiered on in ignorance," and Kermode (another editor of *Encounter*) who "was increasingly worried." In the *Sunday Times* there is a picture only of Melvin Lasky, *Encounter*'s remaining editor, who says: "The magazine will go on." However, it carries pictures

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the covers of four magazines that are—or were—financed by the CIA: *Encounter* (England), *Preuves* (France), *Der Monat* (Germany) and *Quadrant* (Australia). [See editorial, "An Insufficiency of Frankness," *The Nation*, May 29.]

I am not familiar with *Quadrant*, which seems to have specialized in boosting the Vietnamese War to Australians. But I know well the three main European CIA organs. For years they have been doing their best to keep the cold war going. All three were published under the patronage of a thing called the "Congress for Cultural Freedom," with headquarters in Paris, which was the real source of the CIA "contributions." For a long time *Encounter* was getting $30,000 a year. That there was something fishy about *Encounter* and the other Congress for Cultural Freedom publications was clear—or should have been clear—to any person of minimum intelligence. Soon after *Encounter* first appeared, the *Times Literary Supplement* accused it of a "negative liberalism" whose main purpose was to stir up hatred. How the thing works I know from my own experience: in *The New York Times* a critic, who proudly described himself as being closely associated with *Encounter*, openly advocated "sales resistance" to my book on de Gaulle because it sympathetically reported de Gaulle's hostility to the war in Vietnam; it is a small example but typical of the technique of damning books that are, I suppose, on the CIA index.

What is puzzling in all this is the lamblike innocence of the distinguished editors and contributors of the Cultural Freedom publications. The rumor of CIA subsidies had been current for years, but nobody on *Encounter* except "Mel" Lasky, we are now told, knew *anything* about it, not even Stephen Spender, one of the co-editors who "soldiered on in ignorance," until the truth about the CIA subsidies (as *The Observer* put it) "began to break in the U.S.A. a year ago." After that Spender resigned, apparently with a great show of indignation.

Or did many of the contributors to these papers strongly suspect that they were writing for CIA publications but felt that the end justified the means? In 1963, D. W. Brogan was enthusiastic about *Encounter* and about "its continual concern with reminding us of the realities behind the Iron Curtain. It has, since its foundation, been a *journal de combat* . . . and has been a protest against the *trahison des clercs*." The *Sunday Times* aptly recalls Conor Cruise O'Brien's retort that it did not serve the cause of *genuine* intellectual freedom in Europe to "promote for ten years a definite and consistent line," since this would seem "something of an intellectual security risk."

There is now a major stink in England over the CIA subsidies to *Encounter*, a magazine with a circulation of 42,000 copies, which has put *Horizon* and other intellectual and non-CIA-subsidized magazines out of business. Will *Encounter* and the other CIA magazines go on? Lasky doesn't seem worried, even though the *Sunday Times* talks of that "agonized debate" now reigning "around the question of what a free thinker should do when he finds out that his free thought has been subsidized by a ruthlessly aggressive intelligence agency as part of the international cold war."

The grandly styled Congress for Cultural Freedom has been busy these last two weeks in Paris. I am afraid I took a long time to discover when exactly it met, or where it held the meeting provoked by the genuine scandal over its present and past activities. My phone calls to its office were in vain; the exchange was instructed to tell anybody calling that the offices "would be closed until Tuesday." However, in the end I found what had been going on, but my attempts to reach Michael Josselson, the executive director of the Congress, were not successful; when I had myself announced as *The Nation*'s correspondent, he preferred to say that he was not available.

The whole affair of this Paris meeting was grimly comic. Now that the CIA subsidies to the Congress were an open, and indeed screaming, secret, the members of the "general assembly" expressed "deep regret" that "CIA funds had been used to finance the activities of

Tribune, London (Ben Roth)

the Congress"—which had, in the words of the *Sunday Times* "channeled CIA money to *Encounter* and a host of other intellectual magazines." But the joke of it is that, although Mr. Josselson, a naturalized American who has lived in Geneva for the last six years, beat his chest, expressed "deep regret" for having accepted CIA money, said that he had found it a grievous burden to "conceal" from his colleagues on the Congress the source of the money, and even offered to resign his post, his colleagues who voted on this "resignation" asked Josselson—apparently unanimously—to continue in his post. And this he agreed to do.

Josselson having accepted full and *sole* responsibility for all the Congress' grubby machinations, it was only fit that his innocently ignorant colleagues should have rewarded him by keeping him in his no doubt well-paid job. They were also apparently highly gratified to learn from Josselson that he would "never, never have permitted the CIA to use the Congress for propaganda and intelligence purposes." I wanted to ask Josselson what in fact the CIA money *had* been used for.

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EVIDENCE AT STOCKHOLM

The Judges Are Everywhere

GOSTA JULIN

Mr. Julin is on the editorial staff of Dagens Nyheter *(Stockholm), Sweden's largest morning newspaper.*

Stockholm

What a strange tribunal: a jury, and no judge. It is true; we are only a jury. We have neither the power to condemn, nor the power to acquit, anyone. Therefore, no prosecution. We, the jury, at the end of the session will have to pronounce on the charges: are they well founded or not? But the judges are everywhere. They are the people of the world, and particularly the American people. It is for them that we are working.

With these words Jean-Paul Sartre inaugurated the Vietnam War Crimes Tribunal in Stockholm. For more than a week the tribunal worked its way through thick stacks of reports from investigatory commissions previously sent to Vietnam. Opinions were heard from experts on international law, witnesses were cross-examined, and napalm victims flown from Vietnam were on hand to drive home the sufferings of Vietnamese civilians.

On the eighth day of the session the tribunal was ready for the unanimous verdict: "Guilty. In view of international law, the U.S. Government and U.S. armed forces have committed aggression in Vietnam." The United States, the tribunal further said, has also bombed a great number of civilian targets in Vietnam, such as hospitals, schools and dams. Australia, South Korea and New Zealand were named as accomplices. As to Thailand, the tribunal did not find sufficient evidence to hand down a verdict either way. In addition, the tribunal found that the United States had infringed on the sovereignty of Cambodia and bombed villages in that country. The tribunal said that apart from the section on Cambodia this statement was unanimous, but it appears that the verdict was preceded by deep conflict of opinion among the seventeen jury members as to the aim, purpose and power of the tribunal.

Swedish Government circles were noticeably relieved when the proceedings came to an end without serious incidents. Prime Minister Tage Erlander and his government had made clear that they did not consider their country a suitable location for the proceedings. The official view was that the tribunal could contribute nothing toward a solution of the Vietnamese problem. Swedish free speech laws, however, prevented barring the tribunal. These laws prohibit only public slander of a foreign head of state, a restriction the tribunal did its utmost to observe.

What actually was accomplished at this first session? Is the Russell tribunal simply a Communist-inspired propaganda show? Or is it a manifestation of the fact that in all parts of the world large numbers of politically uncommitted people have been deeply shaken by the Vietnamese tragedy? These people say that if the American people were fully informed about the activities of U.S. soldiers in Vietnam, President Johnson and the Pentagon would immediately be forced to call off the war. The biased picture of the war presented to the American public through news media and official military reports is seen by many as a direct threat to the democratic idea.

What, then, are the facts of the Russell tribunal? They can be summarized in six separate points.

(*1*) It is correct that the tribunal contains outspoken Communists and leftist sympathizers, but this did not make the Stockholm session a Communist stage show. Many members are politically uncommitted but took part because they regard events in Vietnam as a tragedy for all mankind. This concern was expressed by Bertrand Russell, in a message to the tribunal:

> It is our culture which is at stake. It is our barbarism which menaces it. It is not possible to organize society for plunder and mass murder without terrifying consequences. Our scientists and engineers, our chemists and researchers, our technology and economic system have been mobilized for murder. In Vietnam we have done what Hitler did in Europe. We shall suffer the degradation of Nazi Germany unless we act. The pity is not in the suffering of Vietnam. The pity is in the smug streets of Europe and the complacent cities of North America, so debased as to be indifferent even as our own fate is enacted in Vietnam.

(*2*) The sessions were characterized by unemotional and factual deliberation. The evidence comprised more than 2 million words. Certain details carried a propagandist taint, and there were some hate eruptions against the United States, but these were exceptions. Even Sweden's leading conservative newspaper noted that much of the evidence appeared so objective and so well documented that it would have stood up in a fully uncommitted court of law or investigatory commission.

(*3*) The tribunal did not set itself up as a court of law with a mission to pass judgment and condemn. "We have no armies and no gallows, we lack power," said Mr. Russell himself in a message to the tribunal from his home in Wales. "Our task is to investigate and inform the world of what is actually happening." This purpose, "to inform the world and particularly the United States," was a guiding principle of the proceedings.

But it should be noted that certain members of the tribunal saw their task differently: as that of judge. They were led by Bertrand Russell's secretary, the American leftist Ralph Schoenman. The more moderate group was led by the tribunal president, Vladimir Dedijer of Yugoslavia; the chairman of the executive committee, Jean-Paul Sartre; and Isaac Deutscher, historian and biographer of Stalin.

This endeavor not to appear as a court of law was

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also reflected in the composition of the tribunal. Only a third of the seventeen members were lawyers; the others were writers, historians, philosophers, committed pacifists. This gave the tribunal the character of an organization of laymen.

One might question the ability of some of these members to go through the voluminous evidence in a judicially factual manner. Some of them have made themselves known as men with strong emotions and much imagination. On the other hand, Sartre himself displayed one of the most strikingly objective minds of the group.

But many must have wondered what role could be played by such participants as Simone de Beauvoir, the Swedish writers Sara Lidman and Peter Weiss, and Amado Hernandez of the Philippines. There are those who believe that the outcome of the session would have had more impact if the tribunal had had a different composition: a group of eminent lawyers and opposite them a sort of jury, giving a clear distinction between judgment and accusation.

(4) Jus contra bellum. But the task of the tribunal, as defined by Sartre, could be cited as a justification for a more fluid composition: "The Russell tribunal will have no other concern as to the conclusions of its investigations than to bring about a general recognition of the need for an international institution whose essential role would be the resuscitation of the *jus contra bellum* which was stillborn at Nuremberg—the substitution of ethical and juridical rules for the law of the jungle."

(5) The legal material considered by the tribunal was extremely extensive. It consisted of reports and studies of the rulings of international law on the subject of war crimes: the Kellogg-Briand Pact, the Nuremberg Statutes, the UN Charter, etc. In this part of the proceedings the lawyers put forward their case against the United States with objectivity and restraint.

The highlight of their argument was the observation that the United States has never signed the 1954 Geneva Agreement on Vietnam but has deliberately torpedoed its enforcement. They noted that by ignoring the agreement on free elections for a unified Vietnam the United States has tried to perpetuate the provisional partition of the country that arose from the 1954 treaty. By backing up a puppet regime in Saigon the United States is refusing the principle of freedom of choice to the Vietnamese people, the lawyers said.

(6) Revelations. A large number of special reports were presented by doctors, arms experts and others who had been sent to Vietnam to investigate the plight of the civilian population. The question to be answered here was:

"Has there been bombardment of targets of a purely civilian character, such as hospitals, schools, sanatoria, dams, etc., and on what scale has this occurred?" Their reports were a frightening testimony to the sufferings of civilians during modern operations of war. But with one exception there was very little news in this material. Swedish and European opinion in general is already well aware of these facts. The only new revelation was the testimony of Jean-Pierre Vigier, French scientist and arms expert, who disclosed new facts on American fragmentation bombs, called the CBU bombs. During World War II Vigier was a member of the general staff of the Free French forces, and after the war he was a member of the general staff of the French army. He also thought he had discovered that the United States is using a new military strategy in Vietnam, a strategy that should explain much of the devastation and suffering of the civilian population. This is his argument:

In a strongly industrialized country an attacker who has mastery of the air can win by crushing the capital, military headquarters, armaments industries and economic centers. This breaks the power of resistance of the

Franklin: Toronto Star

people. But this approach is impossible in a less developed country. There simply aren't enough military targets to bomb.

Thus, to win in Vietnam American bombers must be used against other social establishments. These are schools, hospitals, religious institutions, irrigation installations, etc. To quell guerrilla resistance the United States must also try to starve the civilian population by destroying dams, rice fields and cattle. This, said Vigier, is the only possible explanation for the mass bombing the United States is now pursuing against civilian targets. He said he was prepared to go to Washington to present these observations publicly.

The following day Vigier's report forced a reply from the Pentagon, but at least in the version presented in Stockholm, it was not a convincing rejection of his argument. On the basis of his report the tribunal found it justified to note that U.S. bombers in Vietnam are using weapons and tactics directly aimed at targets that in a conventional war would be considered civilian.

Much attention was given to reports on U.S. chemical warfare against rice fields and other food resources in Vietnam. Doctors gave evidence as to the suffering of

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children and women far behind the front lines. Hundreds of children were said to have been buried under the ruins of their schools. Others have been killed while herding cattle in the fields. The airmen launch rockets against the animals to deprive the villages of their means of support, many witnesses said.

On one of the last days of the session the charge that American troops are violating civilians was supported by a story in the *Dagens Nyheter* from its correspondent in Asia, Sven Oste. He reported from the Cambodian border that U.S. soldiers had gone berserk and killed women and children in a village.

Remaining from the week of deliberations is a depressing picture of the tragedy of war. The tribunal summed it up like this: "The conscience of mankind is profoundly disturbed by the war being waged in Vietnam. It is a war in which the world's wealthiest and most powerful state is opposed to a nation of poor peasants, who have been fighting for their independence for a quarter of a century."

And yet there was something missing in Stockholm. The tribunal forgot that there are more participants in this drama than the United States and North Vietnam. A refugee Hungarian who had fled to Sweden from Communist terror gave an efficient reminder of other aspects to the story. He suddenly burst into the session chamber, shouting in protest: "Out with the liars. Look how the Reds are treating the oppressed people in East Europe."

This eruption had an effect that was not lost even when the Cambodian delegate, Colonel Kouroudeth, danced on the platform and kissed the jury members in gratitude for their verdict against the United States.

The tribunal will now continue its work through an executive organization in Paris, and the next full session will be held this fall, probably in Rome. The American participants have said it might be possible to arrange some kind of follow-up in the United States. If this takes place it may repair the situation for the Swedish Government which could not see its way to ban the meeting, even though it was certain in advance to irritate President Johnson.

Vietnam: This Is Guernica

CARL OGLESBY

Mr. Oglesby, past president of Students for a Democratic Society, was a member of the International War Crimes Tribunal. With Richard Shaull, he is the author of Containment and Change *(Macmillan), a study of American foreign policy. When its proceedings are completed, he will publish a book on the tribunal.*

Stockholm

Bertrand Russell organized the International War Crimes Tribunal to raise unfriendly questions about America's fight to save the southern half of Vietnam for the free world. People who are embarrassed or made furious by such questions invariably deal with the tribunal by changing the subject. Instead of talking about aggression and war crimes, they talk about the tribunal itself—its form, its members and its fairly conspicuous partisanship. To discredit the man, apparently, is to refute the argument.

It's never hard to lampoon a group to its political enemies; and the tribunal, rich in enemies, is also quite a soft target on its own. It comes from nowhere, with neither constituency, mandate nor customs, announces its intentions in an anti-American broadside or two, is ignominiously booted out of Paris by a politically sympathetic head of state, and arrives ruffled and internally disquieted in Stockholm to hear in public eight days of often polemical testimony which it in fact had collected by and for itself, and then produces on the ninth day (May 10, 4:50 A.M.) a judgment which everyone supposes could just as well have been drafted a year before. Its membership contains no really big-name jurists and only a few lawyers. It is a politically selective assortment of left-wing writers, intellectuals, politicians and ombudsmen without portfolio; and it seems so clearly less judicial than political that almost no one on the outside (which includes a lot of space) has been able to take it for anything but a stretched-out and fancified party rally.

C. L. Sulzberger went blind with exasperation about all this. He says (*The New York Times*, May 12) that besides Lord Russell, who at 94 is only a "decrepit symbol" and who wasn't there anyway, and Jean-Paul Sartre, who he admits is a "famous existentialist," the tribunal consists only of "mediocrities" and "nonentities." This sort of sneer can be taken on rather easily: Mehmet Ali Aybar is not unheard of in Turkey, people know about Ali Kasuri in Pakistan, and it is an odd set of mediocrities and nonentities that includes Vladimir Dedijer, Isaac Deutscher, Lelio Basso, Simone de Beauvoir, Sara Lidman and Peter Weiss.

But that's beside the point. The importance of the tribunal, the measure of its goodness or badness, lies in much different territory.

A long tradition of positive international (i.e., Western) law holds that there is such a thing as an act of aggression—a crime against peace. This is a fact. There are also such things as crimes of war, and these also, in a long series of conventions, protocols and treaties stretching back to the Hague Convention of 1907 and including the Paris Pact, the Nuremberg Charter and the Charter of the United Nations, have been most carefully described, defined, and registered by the national powers of the so-called and self-styled civilized Western world. Nobody is trying to pull any wool over anybody's eyes; these laws really do exist, have been officially adopted by official acts of the heads of state, are in fact the law of our land, and all the outrage in Washington and sarcastic obscurantism in *The New York Times* will not change that fact.

There is also a war in Vietnam. This war has a very

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concrete life in a very concrete set of events. It has an internal historical density about which it is possible to gather data of a more or less verifiable type.

That is to say, there are findings of law to be made about wars in general, and findings of fact to be made about the Vietnamese War in particular. These findings having been made with as much care as a body of serious and intelligent (who *isn't* partisan these days?) people can muster, it then becomes possible, appropriate and essential that the facts and the laws be exposed to each other through the very simple question, "Are these actions criminal according to international law?" This question can be answered yes, no, maybe or insufficient evidence. If crimes exist, it is possible, appropriate and essential to say so.

That is what the tribunal is all about. If it finds evidence of crimes, and if it is quite powerless to do anything about them, these conditions don't seem to be the fault of the tribunal. Criminality and victimization will or will not exist in Vietnam whether the tribunal says so or not; and on the matter of the tribunal's isolation from state power, Sartre's opening-address remark that this is in fact the tribunal's leading virtue seems to me quite enough to say on the subject.

The tribunal set itself the task of finding the law and the facts on five questions:

(*1*) Has the U.S. Government (and have the governments of Australia, New Zealand and South Korea) committed acts of aggression according to international law?

(*2*) Has there been bombardment of targets of a purely civilian character?

(*3*) Has the United States made use of or experimented with new and/or forbidden weapons?

(*4*) Have Vietnamese prisoners been subjected to inhuman treatment forbidden by the laws of war and in particular have they suffered torture or mutilation? Have there been unjustified reprisals against the civilian population?

(*5*) Have forced labor camps been created? Has there been deportation of the population or other acts tending to the extermination of the population and which can be characterized juridically as acts of genocide?

These five questions subsume four criminal acts: aggression (or crime against peace, *jus ad bellum*); war crimes "properly called" (*jus in bellum*; questions 2, 3, and 4); crimes against humanity (distinguished from war crimes by their greater scope and intensity), and genocide. The first session of the tribunal arrived at affirmative verdicts on the first two questions. The remaining three will be taken up in a final session to be held in the fall.

That the tribunal has reached these decisions does not surprise anybody. But that should not suggest that the decisions are empty or without portent for Americans. In particular, the peace movement, struggling in its own awkward fashion to decide exactly what it ought to say about the war, will have to come to grips with the political and ethical implications of these judgments.

Consider the first, that the United States Government is guilty of the crime of aggression. The tribunal does not affirm this in any loose moralistic sense. It bases its finding upon a crucial clarification of the political entities which are involved in this war, and this clarification requires us to re-examine most coldly one of the staple arguments of the peace-movement "radicals."

From the 1961 White Paper to date, our government's position has been that the trouble in southern Vietnam is ordered and directed from Hanoi, whose creature organization, the National Liberation Front, is therefore illegitimate, criminal and deserving of the violently repressive treatment it receives at the hands of the American military. To this line of reasoning, the opposition movement—at least in its more "political" sectors—has usually responded: not so. We have been saying that what has been happening in the south in the late middle fifties and onward is *indigenous*—a gathering of a population increasingly outraged by Saigon's dictatorial terror and cornered into a choice between annihilation or defensive violence. The NLF, so this argument runs, is mainly a southern force, and not, as the government maintains, an invader from without.

Along the banks of this issue, the opposing debaters deploy their statistics about infiltration and their analyses of rebellion. The implicit symmetrical assumptions of this debate are (1) that the American position is established if the NLF *is* a "creature" of the Democratic Republic of Vietnam (DRV); and (2) that it is destroyed if the NLF, instead, is independent of the North and indigenous to the South. The government says "invasion," and the opposition says "civil war." The argument seems to be clear enough.

What may not be immediately apparent about the tribunal's verdict on U.S. aggression is that it rejects both positions. The line of reasoning the tribunal puts forward —in my estimation, simple and unanswerable—is as follows:

(*1*) Starting in the 1930s and continually gathering strength, a Vietnamese rebellion took shape against French colonialism. This rebellion was both nationalistic (aiming to break Vietnam's subservience to France) and social (programing the destruction of the exploitative landlord system).

(*2*) This revolution, waged across the breadth of Vietnam, achieved conclusive military victory over the French Union forces in 1954. The crucial diplomatic event at the Geneva Conference of that year was the formal surrender of French colonialism to the Vietnamese revolution. Geneva was very much like Yorktown in this respect.

(*3*) To provide for orderly transfer of power to the new nationalist regime, the country was temporarily partitioned at the 17th Parallel, the Vietminh forces withdrawing above it from the south and the French Union forces withdrawing below it from the north.

(*4*) An international diplomatic intervention originating in Washington but tolerated (at least) by Moscow and Peking required the Vietminh to submit to popular ratification in an election scheduled for July, 1956.

(*5*) The French withdrew ahead of schedule, forced to do so by the Americans and in any case weary of the position, and (via Bao Dai, who had no status) delivered their interim custodial obligations over to the Diemist cabal, which had no more legal authority to govern Vietnam than Montana, and which would have been incapable of even pretending to have such authority were

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it not for the direct and massive political and economic intervention of the United States. For its part, the United States had no claim whatsoever on 1 square inch of Vietnamese land and had no business even being there. In dealing with Diem, it dealt merely with its purchased man.

(6) Over the period roughly from 1955 through 1958, the U.S.-Diem regime made clear its intention to frustrate the Geneva Agreements bearing on the unity of Vietnam. Under U.S. prodding and protection, the Diemist puppetdom declared itself the government of something called the Republic of Vietnam. Legally speaking, this government and its "republic" came from nowhere. Its claims were based on an election which, besides being notoriously fraudulent, it had no right to hold in any case.

(7) Thus deprived of that victory which it supposed had been legally consolidated at Geneva, Vietnamese nationalism again began to mount a violent resistance to the new foreign rule. Hence, the second Indo-China war.

There is no civil war in Vietnam. There is, rather, a war of nationalist resistance against an invader—the United States—which appeared on the scene illegally under the flag of truce and which lost no opportunity to suborn Vietnamese against their country. It therefore perpetuates a fundamental misconception of the historical and legal situation in Vietnam to argue about the presence or absence of "infiltrated invaders from the north," as if we were dealing here with two separate and sovereign Vietnams. In point of unambiguous international law, there is only one Vietnam and it is not possible for one country to invade or aggress against itself.

In this case, it is legally pointless to argue about the relationship between the DRV and the NLF. If the evidence shows that the DRV did *not* create the NLF, then that is merely something for the DRV to be ashamed of. If it shows contrarily that it *did*, then the DRV was only doing what it had a very clear—very *legal*—right to do, namely, resist an aggressor against its national sovereignty. One and only one political force, Ho Chi Minh's, spoke for Vietnam at Geneva. And since no legal elections have taken place since to change the situation, one and only one government, Ho's again, has the right to speak for the Vietnamese, from the mountains in the north to the Camau Peninsula in the south. You and I and the U.S. Government may or may not approve. It remains the fact.

Legal realities do not, of course, uniformly coincide with political realities. There is evidence that the DRV, for reasons which need not detain us here, may have been prepared to concede at least temporarily the occupation and *de facto* severance of the south, and that the post-1954 resistance arose in the south independently. That it a matter, however, for the DRV and the NLF to settle between themselves at some later date when the invader has been repulsed. No outside nation or people, and certainly not the United States, has anything at all to contribute to that forthcoming private conversation.

Look now at the peace movement's suggestions. Almost everyone from U Thant on over thinks that our bombing of the north should be stopped so that we may enter at last into negotiations with the DRV. As unlikely as it may seem at the moment, something like this could very well occur within the next two years. And what exactly do we suppose is going to happen at this most elusive conference table? In Korea, we could negotiate for the ante-bellum *status quo* without losing face (our ambition to forcibly unify Korea not having been much publicized). But such a position can clearly not be held with Vietnam if the Vietnamese take the *status quo* at 1954 while we take it at c. 1958. What is the anti-war movement prepared to do or say when the voices start rising around this problematic conference table? Who are we? What do we want our country to be? And perhaps most painful and menacing: whose side are we on?

There are other basic complications. If the DRV is really separate from the south and the NLF, then what remains to be negotiated once our bombing has stopped? And if it is not separate, then why all the clamor about recognizing the NLF? More generally, what interest in Vietnam can the United States legitimately and morally lay claim to? And if, as I believe, there is no such natural American interest, then what is there to be negotiated in these negotiations except the precise conditions of American withdrawal?

I think it can be put in a nutshell. Both the DRV and the NLF affirm the unity of Vietnam. Both say that the NLF is the only legitimate voice of the people of the south. It follows that—at least in their own view of the matter—the DRV and the NLF are also one. As the SNCC people say: "Get to that."

To accuse the United States of aggression is to assert the legal unity of Vietnam (and vice versa, of course), and this does not merely add another curse to the vocabulary of dissent. It is a substantive charge which has substantive political consequences. Anyone who is persuaded that the charge has been proved will be logically obliged to abandon such intermediary and "moderate" positions as are implied by the slogans, "stop the bombing and negotiate" and "recognize the NLF." Sen. Robert Kennedy's idea that we should invite the NLF to take part in a coalition government in the south becomes in this case nearly as impudent as Johnson's refusal to do so, and perhaps a good deal less coherent. For the coalition which is being offered in this burst of generosity can be nothing other than a coalition with the Seventh Fleet, the White House and Vietnam's own sorry Vichy. It implicitly presupposes, moreover, the *de facto* partitioning of Vietnam. We should be able to forgive Vietnamese patriots for being unmoved by such generosity.

The verdict on war crimes has consequences for us, too: less specific politically but humanly more intense. Each of us will have to work them out for himself.

War crimes include, among other things, "wanton destruction of cities, towns or villages, or devastation not justified by military necessity" (Article 6, b, of the Nuremberg Charter). This definition, made in 1945, looks back to the fourth convention of The Hague of 1907 and the annexed ruling, of which Article 25 states that "belligerents do not have an unlimited right concerning the choice of means of doing harm to the enemy." America's legal commitment to abide by such law is embodied in various treaties, especially important ones being the Nu-

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remberg and the UN Charters, and in a document published in 1956 by the Department of Defense, *The Law of Land Warfare* (FM 27-10), which stipulates this country's acceptance of the laws and customs of war.

The law is easy enough to find. But if you happen to be an American, more or less dependent for your news on the good gray *Times*, the facts are not so ready. My national press had not prepared me for Stockholm. The enormity of the picture that eyewitness after eyewitness uncovered there left me first incredulous and finally revolted. Example:

Some miles above the demarcation line in the province of Nghe An, coastal district of Quynh Luu, there is a spacious rocky plain bounded on three sides by mountains and on the fourth side by the South China Sea. The spot is both tillable and isolated, and for these reasons was selected in 1957 as the site of a major leprosarium. Construction was completed and the complex opened in 1960, since which time it has handled about 5,000 patients.

The Quynh Lap leprosarium was visited last April by the French medical doctor, M. F. Kahn, a member of the tribunal's fourth investigating commission. According to Dr. Kahn, "Quynh Lap was not so much a hospital as a small village," designed "to give the sick a social life as close as possible to a normal one, offering everyone a chance for rest and re-education and preparing them to re-enter society after their cure." Besides being entirely isolated geographically, the Quynh Lap colony is big (160 buildings) and internationally famous, at least among world medical and health organizations.

In May, 1965, it was overflown by several U.S. reconnaissance aircraft. On June 12, a Saturday, at 8 P.M., it was attacked with demolition bombs and rockets. Damage was light. One nurse was wounded. Since the nature of the complex was assumed to be well known (hospital roofs were also marked with red crosses), the officials decided that the attack had been an error and would not be repeated. They did not evacuate.

On the next day, at 1:45 P.M., a second strike was made against Quynh Lap. This one was violent. It killed 120 staff members and patients and wounded more than 100 others, nineteen of whom subsequently died of their injuries.

Officials immediately began evacuating the patients to a mountain grotto some 5 or 6 kilometers distant. The move was watched by more reconnaissance flights. Two days after the second attack, this grotto was attacked with rockets. Thirty-four were killed and thirty wounded. Survivors were forced to move still further into the mountains.

By June 22, the complex had been attacked thirteen times. Through the first quarter of this year, according to the Vietnamese, it had been hit a total of thirty-nine times. Except for a few buildings whose shells still stand, the colony has been flattened. It is unusable and desolate.

Tribunal member Lawrence Daly, a Scottish labor leader, asked Dr. Kahn what he thought the point of these attacks might have been. "I can find no reasonable explanation," said Kahn—a medical man, not a strategist. "First the buildings where the patients and the staff lived were attacked. Then the grotto was attacked, as if the purpose were to drive the lepers back into the population. Then, after many more attacks had destroyed almost all of the buildings, the attacks turned against the road, as if the purpose were to make it hard for people to come and see what had been done to Quynh Lap. I cannot explain this."

It might be just as hard to explain why not one provincial hospital in northern Vietnam and not very many of the smaller district hospitals remain unbombed. Or why Nghe An province alone has been raided (through the first quarter of '67) 6,817 times with 52,157 demolition bombs, 49,164 fragmentation bombs (see below), 40,050 rockets, 71 fire bombs, and 1,082 strafings with 20-mm. cannon, losing thereby 10,379 dwelling units, eight hospitals, one leprosarium, twenty-eight churches and pagodas, sixty-six schools, 743 fishing boats, and no one knows, apparently, exactly how many people.

The fragmentation bomb business has already become a minor controversy in the United States. Its use was the one tribunal accusation to which the Pentagon responded immediately.

The main and newest weapon in the frag-bomb category is the cluster bomb unit (CBU), a refinement over the first-generation lazy dog and the second-generation pineapple. The CBU is a three-stage weapon. What the aircraft drops is a large canister or mother bomb which falls to a certain altitude and is then opened by a timer or barometric switch, giving birth to anywhere from 200 to 800 bomblets (called guavas by the Vietnamese), each about the size of a baseball. The guava second stage is flanged to produce a spin in the plane of descent. The centrifugal force created by this spin apparently cocks the internal spring-loaded detonating hammers by throwing them outward against their springs. Upon impact (ground, roofs, trees), or if the planes of spin and trajectory deviate in flight (which makes for an air burst), the spin stops, the centrifugal force is removed, the hammers are snapped inward by the springs, and the guava explodes to release the third stage, about 260 steel pellets about twice the size of a BB, which are embedded in the surface of the spherical casting. Because the guavas scatter in the air, one CBU will cover an area about 300 yards wide and 1,000 long.

The pellets, which have an effective range of about 50 yards, are quite useless against the "concrete and steel" targets to which Mr. Johnson has assured us he restricts his bombing. Nor are they effective against people hidden below the forest canopy, where trees and heavy foliage afford good protection. They are effective only against people who happen to be in exposed, cleared areas, or who have no other protection than the frail straw thatch of which most Vietnamese village dwellings are made. CBUs are good for nothing but attacks against people. But for this specialized use, they seem to be very good indeed:

¶ Leaving only a small penetration wound, they follow erratic trajectories through the body, glancing off bones and organs; they can be traced precisely only with very modern X-ray equipment, and in many cases can be removed only with the most delicate surgical techniques —not likely to be available around every corner in Vietnam's provincial villages.

¶ They often do not kill their victims immediately. A

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CBU attack is likely therefore to saturate a village's medical facilities, or to require difficult transportation of victims to faraway medical centers. One witness before the tribunal, an exquisite 23-year-old teacher named Ngo Thi Nga, had been struck in the back of the neck by a pellet which was still lodged in her brain.

¶ The Vietnamese claim that a new strike tactic was developed after villagers had learned to shelter themselves in hard buildings and shallow ditches (the pellets penetrate earth only a few inches and concrete hardly at all). A sortie using demolition bombs having opened up concrete buildings, a second sortie using napalm would flush the people from their ditches. A third sortie, flown usually by Seventh Fleet aircraft, would follow quickly with the CBUs. The Vietnamese say that this more or less final solution has been applied only in the central provinces and that napalm has not yet been used farther north.

When the CBU story began to leak some time ago, the Pentagon's first impulse was to deny that there was any such device in the arsenal: impossible to design, too expensive to manufacture. When this lie became unstable, the new truth was confessed that there were indeed such things as CBUs, but that (1) they constituted no more than 5 to 10 per cent of the total "number" (conventional measurement is in tonnage) of bombs used in the north; and (2) they were used only against "convoys, aircraft on land, ammunition depots, radar installations and anti-aircraft batteries."

The first point is disputed by the Vietnamese, who claim that the proportion of CBUs is 40 to 50 per cent, and by the tribunal investigating commissions, whose members thought the proportion might have been still greater in the areas they visited. It is at least possible that nobody is really lying. If each canister counts as one bomb, the Pentagon's figure may be right; the DRV wins if each guava is counted. In any case, it appears that pellet bomb use has been stepped up markedly this year. Compare the DRV statistics for two provinces visited by tribunal investigators. Multiply, in the chart below, the figures for the first quarter of 1967 by eight and it becomes clear, for one thing, that the action is picking up in Thanh Hoa. But besides that, note the sharp increase in pellet bombing. If the DRV's figures are at all indicative of the reality, then we may have to decide that terror bombing is more and more the rule in Vietnam. Whether or not this is even a thinkable hypothesis is a matter which we shall come back to in a moment.

On the second point, the credibility gap being what it is, we can probably take the current Pentagon explanation of CBUs no more seriously than the earlier denial. In one of the tribunal's better moments, David Dellinger had Jean-Pierre Vigier recalled to respond to the Pentagon's claim that CBUs were used only against "military targets." Vigier, once a member of the French General Staff and now a professor of physics in Paris, was in many ways the most effective witness the tribunal heard. His concern for method, his quick command of facts, his grasp of the politics of military strategy, and above all the simple lucidity of his intelligence reminded me of Bernard Fall, who had the same warm relish for accuracy and common sense. I copy here my notes of the exchange that followed Dellinger's reading of the Pentagon statement:

DELLINGER: Let's go down this list. The Pentagon says, first, that CBUs are used against convoys.

VIGIER: Because they scatter over an immense area and because the pellets have such little mass, I don't see how they would be at all useful for this. Better against either rail or road convoys would be rockets.

DELLINGER: What about aircraft on land [which, by the way, the Pentagon has only recently admitted that it attacks]?

VIGIER: Attacking military air bases is a conventional problem. It is taught everywhere that you must strike the fuel depots, the maintenance buildings and the airstrips. For these targets, you need high explosives.

DELLINGER: Ammunition supplies.

VIGIER: These are always buried or sandbagged and the pellets would be of no use.

DELLINGER: Radar installations.

VIGIER: Perhaps. But this would be a very exotic use.

DELLINGER: And anti-aircraft batteries.

VIGIER: No effectiveness at all. Anti-aircraft batteries are guarded by sandbags which the pellets cannot begin to penetrate. We saw many batteries that had been attacked by explosive bombs or rockets, but none that had been attacked by pellets.

If a final word is needed for this little dialogue, let it go to the U.S. Air Force. Its ROTC manual, *Fundamentals of Aerospace Weapons Systems*, explains that "fragmentation bombs," of which the CBU is merely the latest and most cunning type, "are designed specifically to be used against personnel." I shall come back to this manual in a moment.

A most unlovely picture emerged over the eight days of testimony. Along with all those famous roads and bridges—which in any case seem primarily to serve the civilian population—a violent attack appears to be aimed, with seeming malice aforethought, against hospitals, schools, churches, pagodas, dikes and the intricate irrigation systems of the countryside. Why? What is the point of attacking a leper hospital? And of doing it thirty-

ATTACKS	*NGHE AN*		*THANH HOA*	
	'65-'66	*1st qtr. '67*	*'65-'66*	*1st qtr. '67*
Sorties	6,206	611	4,449	2,222
Demolition bombs	46,855	5,302	30,917	1,787
Pellet bombs	28,831	20,333	44,000	6,920
Rockets	34,728	5,322	9,300	2,142

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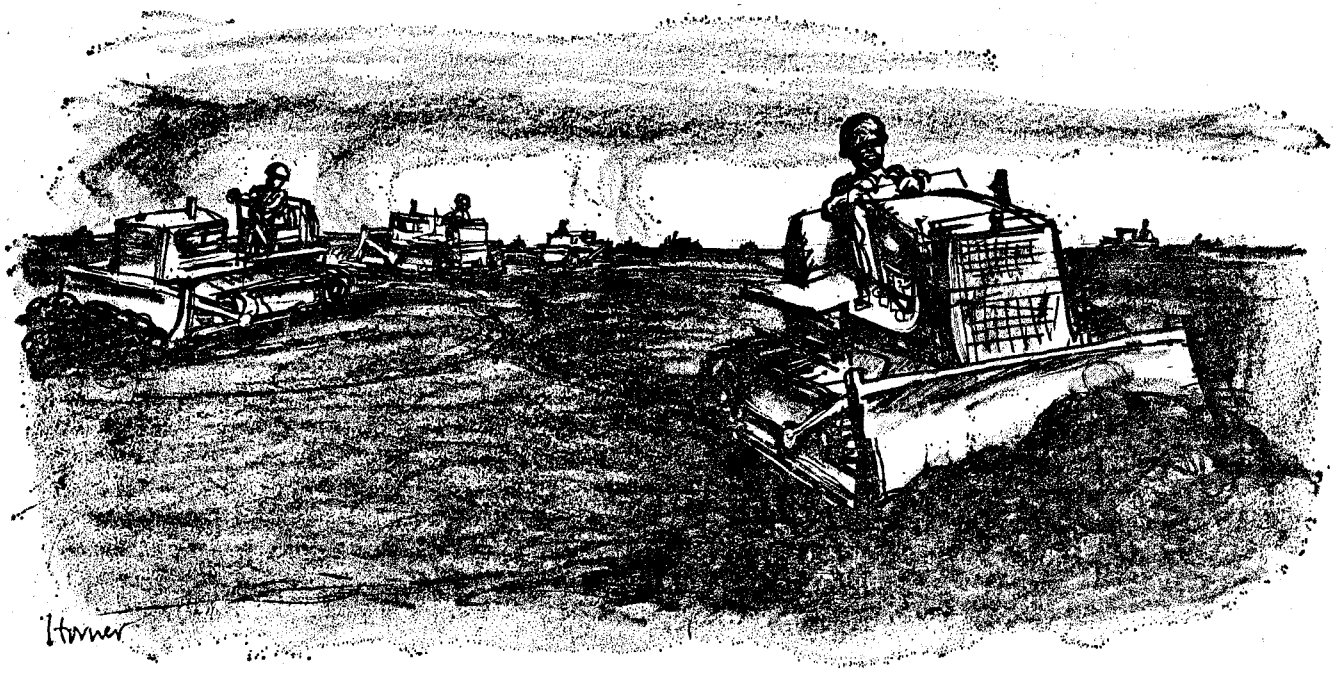

New Statesman (London)

Vietnam: The Final Solution

nine times? What have we possibly got against public education for Vietnamese children that we should seek out and destroy their schools? Was the leprosarium really a supply dump? Was the cathedral really a barracks?

Dr. Kahn's bewildered answer, "I can find no reasonable explanation," will probably convince many that such things just do not happen. We seem to confront a motiveless malice, something we will not lightly impute to our fathers, sons and brothers. Since this is not comprehensible, it must not take place. Sad to say, however, a motive exists.

The Air Force ROTC manual, *Fundamentals of Aerospace Weapons Systems*, is a completely open and aboveboard text, available to anyone. Read it abstractedly and go to sleep at the third page. Read it, however, with Vietnam's people on your mind, and weep for your country—the land of Strangelove, Herman Kahn and huge computers in the War Room.

Each night, says our President, he agonizes over the maps, picking the targets personally for the next day's raids: this little concrete thing here, or that little steel thing there? We might have taken him more seriously.

For most of us, northern Vietnam has remained a more or less vague and undifferentiated geopolitical entity. If we do recognize special places within it, we are likely to go no further than to note that Hanoi is politically a crucial target or that there are dikes on the Red River which no sane man would bomb, or that Haiphong is a doubly dangerous target because of the Russian and British ships that are often at dock there.

The impression I bring from the hearings is that, at least for those who are attacking it, northern Vietnam is a highly complex social organism whose elements are acutely differentiated, and that the American attack—premeditated, precise and politically structured—is based on detailed economic, cultural, political and sociological "maps" of the territory. Our Air Force does not simply bomb the north. Using conventional explosives, pellets, napalm, white phosphor, thermite, magnesium or rockets, depending on the mission, it bombs this or that sector of the city of Vinh *because,* this Thanh Hoa cathedral instead of that pagoda *because*, this central irrigation system instead of that northern canal *because* . . . because why?

The ROTC manual begins to give us a sense of the answer.

"The first order of the day," it affirms, "must be to know the enemy." Target analysis and selection proceed, therefore, in terms of what the manual calls the "components of national structure." There are four of these, each entwined with the others.

Military structure. "U.S. Air Force leaders have made it amply clear that this Nation's No. 1 target priority is the enemy's military force and war-making potential." On the surface, and except for the troubling ambiguity of the last phrase, this may sound as humane as the military spirit can be: if we must attack an enemy, leave his civilians alone. But we have not heard the explanation yet. "The logic behind the high priority assigned these targets rests on the fact that unless the military forces are destroyed they can retaliate. Other targets can wait their turn."

And what if we are dealing with a military force which cannot seriously retaliate? Clearly, we move on.

Economic structure. This category is described in rather commonplace terms—raw materials, basic processing, end-product industries, and services and utilities—until two long and especially forceful paragraphs make us remember in a new light what little we know of the bombing of northern Vietnam. They deal with transportation systems, and their argument is that the importance of transportation has dawned on our analysts only since World War II. It seems that German industry collapsed

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in 1945, not really because of Allied attacks on petroleum but because the attacks on the transportation network were finally paying off. In Japan, the importance of transportation had been sadly overlooked by our intelligence. "Later," says the manual, "we found that strangulation of that system would have destroyed Japan's economic structure. Lack of transportation would have reduced Japan to a series of isolated communities."

Differences between mature and immature economies notwithstanding, we apparently do not intend to miss our second chance. In the repeated bombing of a little wooden bridge connecting some tiny isolated hamlet with its market place, we may behold history's lessons being put to use.

Political structure. The manual deals here with the national "ruling body" which "makes decisions for the people" and "galvanizes a nation into action and causes it to function as a cohesive unit." We have come into interesting territory: "A government is most vulnerable in its relations with the people, for it must control their actions and it must have their support." If the locus or the medium of these relations can be broken—as, for example, in the destruction of the communications system—then the "nation would soon cease to function as a cohesive unit. . . . The resulting confusion would overlap into all other components of the national structure."

Psychosocial structure. The manual speaks for itself on this point only too clearly:

"For purposes of target study, the psychosocial structure of a nation or people is often reduced to terms of morale, because morale is something that can be sensed, observed and influenced. . . . Production required efficient organization and direction, cooperation among all the people, their willingness to consume less and produce more, to devote their energies to the production of war materials, at the expense of consumer goods, and at the same time to face personal hardships, tragedies, and the dangers of war. . . .

"Some of the conventional targets for morale attacks have been water supplies, food supplies, housing areas, transportation centers, and industrial sites. The objectives of these attacks in the past have been to dispel the people's belief in the invincibility of their forces, to create unrest, to reduce the output of the labor force, to cause strikes, sabotage, riots, fear, panic, hunger, and passive resistance to the government, and to create a general feeling that the war should be terminated. Although the question of how far the will to resist of a given group of people could be weakened or destroyed by aerial bombardment with conventional weapons was debatable, it was an irrefutable fact that a labor force preoccupied with civilian defense duties and the finding of food, shelter, and transportation could not operate at peak efficiency in the production of the materials of war. . . .

"If we were to search for the single type of target whose destruction would have the greatest adverse effect on the morale of a population today, we would have to conclude that the destruction of an enemy's major cities with high yield nuclear weapons would produce the most telling results, not only on morale, but on every other component of the nation's structure."

All this from a soldier's primer.

Try out a new definition of "military target." The same manual provides it. "A military target is any person, thing, idea, entity, or location selected for destruction, inactivation, or rendering nonusable [*sic*] with weapons which will reduce or destroy the will or ability of the enemy to resist."

A military target, that is, is whatever the military decides to attack.

And in a war against a whole people, the military must sooner or later decide to attack the whole people.

These pretty Vietnamese teachers and peasant girls, for example: in every picture of them we see, in rice paddy or schoolroom, don't they also have rifles on their backs? Don't they also shoot with these rifles at our aircraft? Aren't they *all* our military enemies? These children: unless we act now, will they not grow up sometime in the duration of this interminable war and be infiltrated into the south of their country? Is there any Vietnamese, in fact, who can prove to us that his life deserves, in the name of Western civilization, to be spared?

It comes to this: Whatever doubts Americans may anxiously cling to about the tribunal's data on the Air Force's purposive destruction of Vietnamese hospitals, churches, schools and people, it is nevertheless a fact that the accusation has to be granted an immediate claim of plausibility. Given the official strategic-bombing concepts this country uses, we are simply obliged to say, in advance of a single snapshot of a single ruin, *that such attacks are possible, plausible and indeed that they are probable.* We have no grounds for insisting that they could not happen, or that if they seem to happen, they must be accidental. On the contrary. We may henceforth be moved to raise our eyebrows when the hospitals are *not* bombed.

To explain our government's systematic obliteration of Vietnamese society, we need neither postulate a ruling band of Iagos nor assume that a certain leprosarium by the sea was really a submarine base. We need only to see the "psychosocial" reality of this war for what it is, and to understand that the structures of the externally "limited" war allow for no internal limits at all. By a process which in itself is cool, meticulous and no angrier than a computer can make it, a decision to breach the psychosocial forms in which the Vietnamese have their psychosocial being is most even-temperedly, most implacably reached.

The result, looked at from an old-fashioned angle—that of the Russell tribunal—is war crimes "properly called." This does not mean, however, that an old-fashioned history—that of Nazi Germany—is being re-enacted in the home of the brave. It means rather that when the previously parallel histories of the master and the slave crash inward upon each other, the old chivalry loses its power to shape and explain experience. In the face of a Rommel, after all, an Eisenhower might recognize himself. In the iron of the Panzer Corps, a Patton could see a proper and familiar world order. But what security for General Westmoreland is there in the face of Nguyen Huu Tho, the faceless? What do we expect General Walt to make of punji spikes and part-time teen-age terrorists? And what can a class society which defines happiness as privilege and equates it with profit make of a declassee

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society in which work is defined by the whole community's needs?

Across the historical gulf which has segregated master and slave, empires and colonies, there is no lawful way for Western coercive power to reach—not once that power has been called morally into question by the appearance of the rebel. For America even to dream of victory in Vietnam, it *must* destroy the revolutionary society. The enemy is the revolution, the breaking of the empire, and it is in the liberated people that the revolution has its being. To say that America commits war crimes in Vietnam is merely to elaborate legalistically the simpler fact that America is *fighting* in Vietnam. From the decision to fight that fight, the necessity of war crimes follows irresistibly. When the tribunal makes the accusation and implies thereby that the crimes ought to stop, what it really says is that the *war* ought to stop. If the revolution disappeared, there would be no more war crimes. If the counterrevolution disappeared, the same would be true. But when one world is occupied by both, it will be filled up with the violence of resistance, which the counterrevolution calls terror, and the violence of oppression, which the revolution calls crime.

After all, it is not Auschwitz which is being judged again by the Russell tribunal; it is Guernica, which is an entirely different matter. And even as we hurl the legalistic accusations of aggressor and criminal, which on the simplest level of fact seem so depressingly well founded, we ought to remember the source and the purpose of the laws we are invoking, and reflect that laws written by a culture for the purpose of guaranteeing its survival will never be used by that culture to guarantee its defeat.

Only the people who can surpass that culture can impose those laws.

New York's Forgotten Drought

NOEL PERRIN

Mr. Perrin, who is on the English faculty of Dartmouth College, has written on New York City's problems for the Herald Tribune, Harper's *and* The Yale Review.

You can still see an occasional grimy "Save Water" sign pasted to a wall, and a few restaurants still serve water with meals only if you ask for it. Otherwise, New York City's worst water shortage in this century has ended, leaving few traces behind. Already you can also see, as you pass a lunch counter in Grand Central Station, a hot-water tap running full stream, in case one of the countermen should happen to want to rinse a dish. Two hours later, it will still be roaring, having meanwhile conveyed 300 gallons down the drain. No inspector has come by to give the staff a lecture, much less a summons. The city is back to normal. Its crisis, officially over only last March 15, has receded to a bad dream.

The speed of this recovery is not really surprising; it has been repeated eight times previously in New York since 1900. The invariable pattern goes like this: every few years the city suddenly finds itself nearly out of water. Consternation results. The mayor personally opens a massive conservation program. New Yorkers are forbidden to wash their cars, fountains are turned off, mail is stamped "Save Water," Boy Scouts hand out leaflets. At the same time, the city mounts an eager investigation into the causes of the shortage. A group of outside experts is hired; they study the problem and recommend reforms. The city promises or half promises to make them. Then the rains come, the reservoirs fill up, the promises are postponed to "some day," and the cycle leading to the next shortage begins. That was the pattern in 1954, 1951, 1949, 1939, and so on. Is the city now, for the ninth time this century, lapsing into its customary water policy—described by Mayor Lindsay in 1965 as a combination of "short-sightedness, expediency and poor planning"—only to rouse itself when the tenth shortage begins?

So far the answer seems to be yes and no, just about equally divided. There are four promises that the city always makes during a shortage: three that the experts invariably recommend, one that they sometimes recommend. The first three—the ones that take a degree of political courage to fulfill—are to modernize distribution (which means to install meters), to reform the water administration (that is, to consolidate the two separate departments which the city maintains, for reasons that go back to Tammany Hall), and to charge fair rates. Water has been priced below cost by New York politicians since roughly 1840. That is, for 125 years the rates have been a standing invitation to waste. The fourth promise—the one that's politically easy—is to build more reservoirs upstate, or at least a few new aqueducts. At no time since 1900 has any promise but the fourth been kept. Until last year, that is. In 1966, Mayor Lindsay and his water commissioner, James Marcus, broke all tradition by honoring one of the hard promises, when they doubled the water rents.

By ordinary standards their action was not very daring. Almost every waterworks consultant in the country has at one time or another served on a panel that advised the city to raise its water charges to a realistic level. Furthermore, even the new doubled rate is pretty low. An individual New Yorker now pays about 2c a day for water instead of 1c; the average family in an apartment pays $20 a year instead of $10. (They're not conscious of the raise—it's included invisibly in the regular rent.) This rate is still lower than people in Westchester pay for water from the same reservoirs.

For a modest action, however, the rate rise is doing considerable good. For one thing, it enables the two water departments at last to be self-supporting, and

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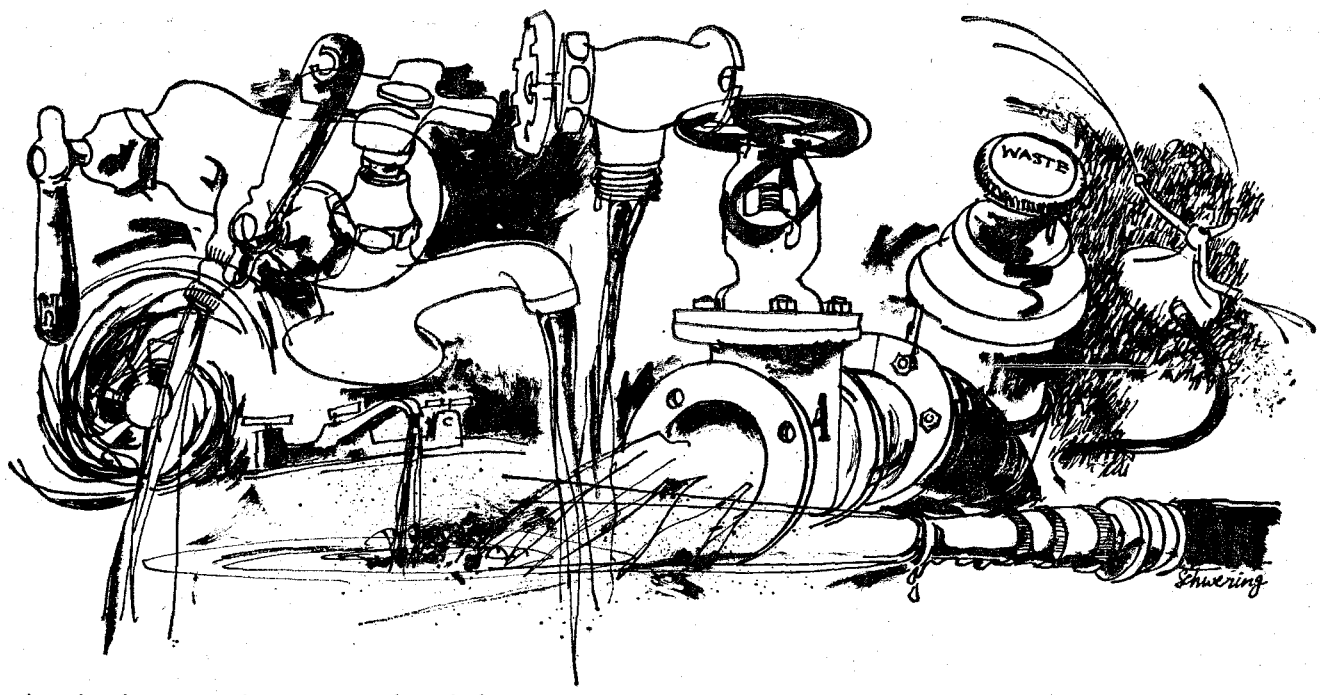

thus the city has even less excuse than before not to keep the pipes and aqueducts in good repair. (One of the scandals of the recent shortage was that in the middle of it, Mayor Wagner quietly allowed the budget for leak-detection crews to drop from provision for eighty men to provision for fifty. The departments, he explained, were low on money as well as water.) It has also already induced something more than 1,000 New Yorkers to install meters voluntarily. These are mostly owners of one-family houses, who think that at the new rates they may be able to save money by paying for the water they actually use, instead of being assessed at a flat rate, with rights to unlimited waste. That still leaves about 534,000 meters to go, including nearly all that should be in apartment houses, but it's at least a start. Finally, New York industry, which already has meters (most of them sixty to eighty years old, and prone to so-called slippage, which means that a lot of water gets through free), is wasting perceptibly less water, now that what doesn't slip through costs a penny for 25 gallons instead of a penny for 50.

But the other two reforms that are always promised and never made remain in abeyance. The city still has both a Board and a Department of Water Supply, and it still lacks a general meter law. Two years ago it was clear to everybody that two water departments is one too many. It was also clear which one ought to be eliminated. The Board of Water Supply, as opposed to the Department, has been a political creature from the beginning. It was invented in 1903, chiefly to provide jobs for employees of the defunct Aqueduct Commission—itself more a source of patronage than of good water management. Mayor Lindsay, when he was a candidate, called the board "obsolescent," and blamed it in good part for the crisis. Paul O'Dwyer, also running for mayor, called it "a totally useless and expensive appendage." He was in an especially good position to know, since it was during his brother's tenure as mayor that the board mounted some of its highest expenses.

Now that the ninth shortage of the century is over, the board has made a fine recovery. Like people, boards hate to die, and there were political doctors in City Hall who could and did save it. By January, 1967, it felt well enough to ask for a larger budget for next year, and at the same time to refuse a request from the City Planning Commission that it temporarily lend some of its engineers (it supports 400) to city departments that are short-handed.

The board is not completely useless. Its job is to build new reservoirs and aqueducts—it calls them water tubes—and it has built good ones. The city will continue to need new water tubes, as the population shifts, and someone will have to build them. But the city's greatest need is for good management of water—and since the board's only job is to build, it has a conspicuous lack of interest in reform. In fact, mismanagement and shortages are almost a necessity to the board, since only during a crisis is the city likely to give it really lavish orders for new construction. However, it takes political courage to kill a board, and so far the Lindsay administration hasn't even tried.

Two years ago it was also clear to everybody that New York stood in need of universal metering. Or, at least, it was clear to everybody except a couple of organizations of landlords and to Mayor Wagner. And even Mayor Wagner saw that there ought to be more meters than there were—for example, he realized there ought to be meters in city-owned buildings, and in July, 1965, he ordered a rush program of installation. (It is true that when he left office the next January, not one had been installed—that low budget in the Department of Water Supply again.)

As for the landlords, they feared that if they actually had to pay for the water their tenants used, they might get stuck with high bills. New York landlords have been worrying about this for nearly a century, during which time they have had visions of irresponsible—or dis-

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gruntled—tenants leaving all the faucets turned on, the meter turning faster and faster, and the profits going down the drain. At no time have they done much research into what actually does happen when apartment houses are metered. If they had, they would know that in the 95 per cent of American cities that require meters, landlords get along fine. A Boston or a Los Angeles landlord simply prorates each bill among his tenants—high when they waste a lot, low when they don't. Or if he's alert, he may install one of the new meter systems that record consumption for each apartment.

In the summer of 1965, everybody except Wagner and the landlords was taking scared looks at the almost empty reservoirs or sweating at the office with the air conditioning turned off, and demanding universal metering. Mr. Lindsay's voice was among the loudest. Another of the especially influential proponents was the Delaware River Basin Commission, a regional agency controlled jointly by four states, including New York, and by the federal government. Since the city gets nearly half its water from the two branches of the Delaware River, and since the commission has the ultimate authority to decide who gets how much Delaware water, its demand made an impact.

Some would have called the demand an ultimatum. On July 28, 1965, the commission announced that *its* panel of experts felt that either the city should require meters, or else the commission should cut its quota. (At that point the city was getting an "emergency" ration of 490 million gallons a day from the Delaware—so much that the river was unable to maintain its flow, and salt water from Delaware Bay was gradually creeping up toward Philadelphia. At one time that summer the salt was within 9 miles of Philadelphia's intake pipes.)

A year later the commission's experts were still demanding meters, and the commission was still giving New York its generous ration. Why? Because the city for its part was saying eagerly that it could hardly wait to meter, but please give it a little time. It had only had since the 19th century.

There is a sense, of course, in which the city really did need a little time. The first plan for universal metering was drawn up in 1899, at which time the city was 30 per cent metered, having started from zero in 1875. (With careful mismanagement it has since slipped back to 24 per cent.) Every ten or fifteen years since then, a new program for metering has been drawn up, including one by an actual city water commissioner in the early thirties, and one prepared by the WPA just before World War II. But in the summer of 1965 all these were out of date, and no new studies had been made. The Department of Water Supply would have needed a few months to make them, even if it could have borrowed some of those 400 engineers from the Board of Water Supply.

The meter climax, and the closest New York has yet come to solving its problems, occurred last August. The water shortage was still acute, and the city still wanted its emergency ration. The Delaware Commission was planning to terminate it at the end of September. Water Commissioner Marcus went to see them, made a brilliant appeal—and got an extension to the end of the year. (The salt was still hovering 9 miles below Philadelphia.) What he said only he and the members of the commission know, but the day after he got back to New York he held a press conference. First he announced the extension, then he added that he expected the city to start metering by January 1, 1967. The commission insisted, he said. The details were still to be worked out, but legislation would be before the City Council within a month, and he expected it to pass. The next day Mayor Lindsay publicly backed Marcus. The "preliminary phases" of metering would start within a few weeks.

There was lots of rain last fall, and within a few weeks the reservoirs began to rise. By November they were only a little below normal, and extra quotas of Delaware water no longer mattered so much. The metering issue abruptly became more remote. In November, Commissioner Marcus still held that it was an "invaluable aid" to water management (it would be impossible to hold otherwise), but he didn't think any preliminary phases were going to occur soon. In fact, he wasn't sure that they would ever occur. The City Council would not approve, he feared, and he noted that David Ross, president of the Council, opposed meters. (Mr. Ross had also opposed them in August, for reasons generally conceded to have little to do with water engineering.)

In fact, Commissioner Marcus more or less waved metering good-by. "We may have to depend on some other things," he said in a tone of mild regret. Citizen education (teach them to be careful, and who needs meters?) and the influence of the new rates are what he mainly has in mind. One other thing the city might depend on is suggested by the fact that during the same month Edward Maguire, president of that obsolescent, expensive, but thriving appendage, the Board of Water Supply, had asked the city for $51 million to start building another aqueduct up to the Delaware.

By this March, Mr. Marcus and the Mayor had ceased to talk about meters or dual water departments altogether, and were happily discussing the prospect of unlimited air conditioning and car washing this summer. The Mayor did add a caution: "Our water supply will never be good enough for waste." But he seemed as innocent as a child about how one avoids it.

The city is like a half-reformed drunkard. It really has made some improvements; and assuming anything even near normal rainfall, another shortage is unlikely for at least a decade. Meanwhile, affordable or not, waste seems certain to continue. A backward city in an underdeveloped country can practice good water management. Lima, Peru, ordered 92,000 meters a couple of years ago. They had to be shipped in from here, since meters aren't made in South America. But New York, with the largest reservoirs and the most water engineers of any city in the world, not to mention the leading meter manufacturer in the world about ten minutes away on Long Island, is unable to charge its citizens for the water they waste. Maybe it will deserve the tenth shortage when it comes.

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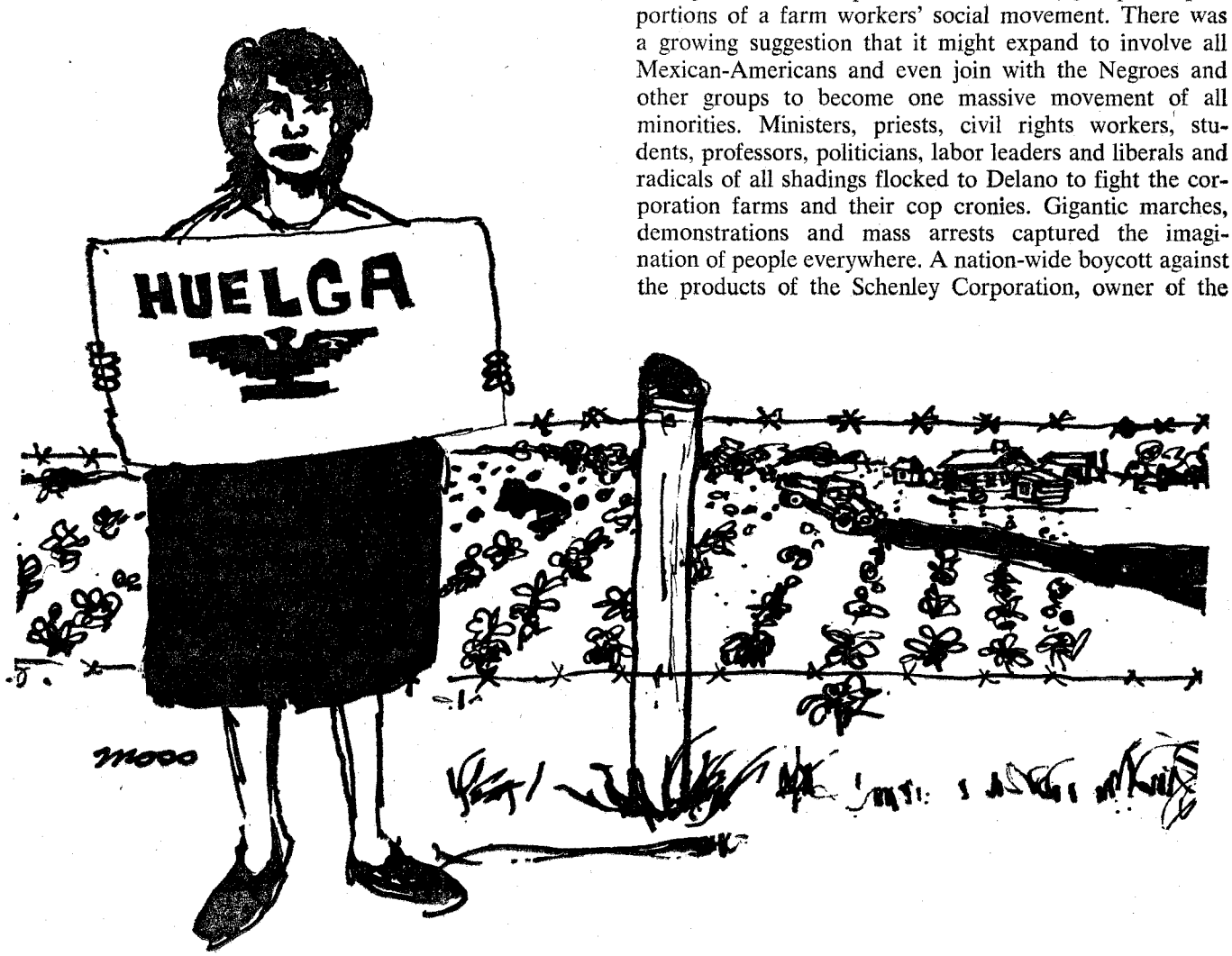
HUELGA: NEW GOALS FOR LABOR

EUGENE NELSON, Jr.
Mr. Nelson is an organizer for the United Farm Workers Organizing Committee, AFL-CIO, and the author of Huelga *(Farm Workers Press, Delano, Calif.). Shortly after filing this article, he was jailed in Rio Grande City, Tex., in connection with an eleven-month strike there of farm workers. Mr. Nelson was charged with having threatened the lives of Texas Rangers.*

If the word *huelga* has not yet appeared in an English-language dictionary, along with other Spanish words which have come into common usage in English, it surely will soon. As many Americans must know by now, "*huelga*" means "strike." As fewer know, it refers to a certain type of agricultural strike which is also a social movement, interpreted by different people in different ways, and capable at any time of shooting off in new directions which may significantly affect the lives of all Americans. The potentiality is there, despite the fact that at present only a tiny percentage of the American work force is involved, that these workers are among the most poorly educated of all, and that eventually their number must decline. Even on the surface, the strike and the movement in California, later in Texas, have been exciting and significant.

The *huelga* began in September of 1965 as just another agricultural strike, when about 1,000 Filipino-American members of the Agricultural Workers Organizing Committee of the AFL-CIO left their jobs in the vineyards of Delano, Calif., demanding to be paid the $1.40 an hour that was guaranteed to the last of the Mexican *braceros* who had been allowed to work in the United States. Delano was also the headquarters of the independent National Farm Workers Association, a unique union which was a combination of labor and social service organization, administering to all the major needs of its 2,000 Mexican-American members. The NFWA, headed by Cesar Chavez, joined the strike against thirty-six grape growers, presenting the uncommon spectacle of an alliance of two unions and two ethnic groups, plus a smattering of Anglos, Negroes and Puerto Ricans. [See "Monopoly in the Vineyards: The 'Grapes of Wrath' Strike" by James P. Degnan, *The Nation*, February 7, 1966.]

When the growers reacted with a violence suggestive of racial strife in the South, the strike gradually assumed, through the leadership of Chavez and his group, the proportions of a farm workers' social movement. There was a growing suggestion that it might expand to involve all Mexican-Americans and even join with the Negroes and other groups to become one massive movement of all minorities. Ministers, priests, civil rights workers, students, professors, politicians, labor leaders and liberals and radicals of all shadings flocked to Delano to fight the corporation farms and their cop cronies. Gigantic marches, demonstrations and mass arrests captured the imagination of people everywhere. A nation-wide boycott against the products of the Schenley Corporation, owner of the



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second largest vineyard in the area, finally brought the firm to the bargaining table in April of last year, in what was the first great breakthrough for America's farm workers. Now Schenley pays its hundreds of vineyard workers a minimum of $1.75 an hour, and several other large ranches are presently negotiating contracts. Significantly, the civil rights oriented Chavez union then became part of the AFL-CIO, in what was more of a compromise by the AFL-CIO with the *huelga* than vice versa.

In corrupt and poverty-stricken Starr County, Tex., where farm workers earn as little as 40c an hour, the movement also exploded last June when 700 melon pickers went out on strike. A subsequent farm workers' march to Austin united Mexican-American groups throughout the state in the demand for a state minimum wage of $1.25 an hour and union contracts for the striking workers. Gov. John Connally and Atty. Gen. Waggoner Carr refused to meet the marchers at the capitol on Labor Day, and many observers say the rebuff was responsible for Carr's defeat in the United States Senate race against Republican John Tower.

On May 15, the United Farm Workers signed their first recognition agreement with a Texas grower—Virgilio Guerra, who will be employing about sixty men in the cantaloupe harvest. Meanwhile the strike and boycott, launched with the same nation-wide machinery that forced Schenley to negotiate, is gaining momentum as the harvest peak nears.

There has been new organizing activity among farm workers in Oregon, Washington, Wisconsin, New Mexico, Arizona and Florida. About one-tenth of America's farm workers were included for the first time this year under the national minimum wage law, starting at $1 an hour. And it is predicted that this year or next farm workers will be included by Congress in the collective bargaining rights guaranteed other workers under the National Labor Relations Act, thus eliminating the grave injustice largely responsible for their depressed situation in the first place.

All these are the more obvious effects of the *huelga.* No one questions any longer the fact that what began as only a strike has now become a farm-worker movement, and to some extent both an economic and political movement of Mexican-Americans. What remains to be seen is the role the *huelga* is ultimately to play in two other large areas—the labor movement as a whole, and the civil rights movement as a whole; how it will affect the relationship between the two; and how they in turn, together or separately, will have a new effect on American society because of the *huelga.*

Although the Chavez group has to some extent been a factor in the joining up of Mexican-Americans and Negroes for political power, there has as yet been no really coherent alliance of the two. It is conceivable that, as in the case with the Filipinos who went on strike first, the Mexican-Americans, under Chavez, will come from behind to emerge as the leaders of a united movement of minorities. Acting either in league with other minorities or separately, they are certain to play an increasing role in contributing to more progressive civil rights legislation.

Of greater potential is the manner in which the *huelga* is influencing, and can continue to influence, all of labor. The labor movement was originally thought of as an anti-poverty movement, and it was one as far as it went. But once the more skilled workers had been organized and rescued from poverty, conservative leaders such as George Meany concentrated on consolidating gains rather than finishing the job, fulfilling labor's proper role, and organizing *all* the poverty-stricken workers of America. It is labor that should be leading the war on poverty, not the government—although if labor will not do the job, then the government must.

The *huelga* has made more and more labor leaders see this point, and labor at last is sluggishly beginning to move to fulfill its role. Perhaps the greatest contribution of the *huelga* has been its effect on the thinking of one man, Walter Reuther, a prime contributor to and observer of the movements in Delano and South Texas. But, as Reuther and other labor leaders increasingly realize, merely to organize the rest of America's workers is not enough. America is going through a profound change, the welfare state is expanding rapidly, and a guaranteed annual income for all citizens may soon be a reality. Many have debated whether it is feasible, but how many ask whether it is just? Or even whether justice is a factor. Justice seems increasingly lost in modern society's concern for efficiency and material abundance. Yet the sense of justice is amazingly strong among even the most degraded. Any honest social worker can tell you that, for most people, to receive handouts without working is demoralizing, and that there is a considerable amount of resentment to welfare handouts among the community at large. As yet, the problem is still a relatively small one. But what will the effect be when half the potential work force is living on welfare and the other half doing the work? A country half demoralized and half angry? A decaying of the moral fiber of the nation? A revolution?

Two alternatives to this potential state of affairs come to mind. One is government ownership of all industry, so that the work load can be equally divided among all the citizens by government decree. With the election of Ronald Reagan as Governor of America's most populous state, this seems unlikely to come to pass in the near future.

The other answer is for the unions, in the process of organizing *all* of America's workers, to get not only decent wages for them but to demand a shorter work week, longer paid vacations, a younger retirement age, and job retraining where necessary in all contracts. Thus *all* of America's workers will be able to share in both the productivity and the wealth of our nation. This is the way labor—whether or not the AFL-CIO remains united—can make America into a healthy society and save it from the creeping illness of an unjust welfare state that is overtaking it.

The greatest contribution of the *huelga* is the way it has influenced—and will surely continue to influence—the reviving American labor movement toward this course of action: a new wave of organizing of all workers of all races, with the emphasis on shorter hours and jobs for all. If it accomplishes this, the *huelga* will have helped the American labor movement to save America.

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BOOKS & THE ARTS

Double the Effort & Square the Error

TO MOVE A NATION. *By Roger Hilsman. Doubleday & Co. 624 pp. $6.95.*

MALCOLM W. BROWNE

Mr. Browne covered the Vietnamese War from 1961 through 1966 for the Associated Press and American Broadcasting Co. and as a free-lance correspondent. Among other awards, he received a Pulitzer Prize for International Reporting for his work in Vietnam. He is currently Edward R. Murrow Fellow at The Council on Foreign Relations and the author of The New Face of War *(Bobbs-Merrill).*

In his nastier moods H. L. Mencken used to argue that the majority is always wrong, and that American democracy always represents the lowest common denominator. But H. L. Mencken could always be dismissed as a crank and eccentric, who spent his spare time piling up scrap wood in the back yard of his Baltimore home.

Unlike Mencken, Roger Hilsman has stood close to the pinnacle of American power, in both the Kennedy and Johnson Administrations. He is therefore to be forgiven his Panglossian conclusion that American foreign policy somehow works out for the best in this best of all possible systems. However, Hilsman's arguments and observations in no way support the optimistic conclusions of his new book, *To Move A Nation*. If the reader overlooks these stated conclusions, Hilsman's thinking seems to run in channels similar to Mencken's.

As director of the State Department's Bureau of Intelligence and Research, and later as Assistant Secretary of State for Far Eastern Affairs, Hilsman was an important participant in the making of national policy. He was involved in decisions affecting Cuba, Laos, the Congo, Indonesia, China and Vietnam, among other countries. He was an important Kennedy teammate during the Cuban missile crisis, when the world came close to a nuclear holocaust, and Khrushchev smelled "burning in the air." Hilsman was up to his ears in the deadly political battles that raged within the Kennedy administration between State Department, CIA and Pentagon, as well as with various power blocs in and out of Congress. And the hectic, neurotic, almost consumptive flavor of those days is faithfully portrayed in *To Move A Nation*, especially in the section on Vietnam.

As a protégé of President Kennedy, Hilsman had personal influence that went far beyond his titles. An old Asia hand, he had been an OSS guerrilla leader behind Japanese lines in Burma during World War II, and had unusual sensitivity to the requirements of the new-style wars in Laos and Vietnam. Kennedy appreciated this, and listened to Hilsman. Kennedy even encouraged Hilsman to defy his immediate boss, Secretary Dean Rusk.

Inevitably, Hilsman made determined and powerful enemies. Besides the natural enemies of the State Department in the Pentagon, CIA and Congress, Hilsman also had his own colleagues to worry about, especially Rusk. And with the death of Kennedy, Hilsman's influence evaporated almost immediately. The New Frontier was dead, along with almost all the policies that went with it. Hilsman correctly recognized that he had no place in the Johnson regime, and resigned.

Hilsman makes all this come alive in dramatic detail. But the primary interest in the book is not historical; indeed, it contains a number of errors of fact, particularly with regard to Vietnam.

The real (and fascinating) question posed by the book is whether or not H. L. Mencken was essentially right —whether, for example, the American democratic system is capable of handling effective foreign policy. Hilsman's answer is yes, but it is a yes so clouded with qualifications as to be meaningless. And with respect to Vietnam, he flatly concedes that "the American form of government is ill-equipped for guerrilla war."

In commenting on the effectiveness of the State Department as a whole, Hilsman quotes Kennedy as having described it as "a bowl of jelly." In assessing the effects of American economic aid to Laos, Hilsman says: "To the shame of all Americans, the United States became the butt of jokes among both friend and foe."

Hilsman argues, with many illustrations, that "policy is politics"—that most major policy decisions are evolved slowly as a continuous process of achieving consensus. Hilsman also makes it clear that he doesn't like the system. He doesn't like the way policies he considers effective are watered down, distorted, and even defeated by democratic pressures.

By nature a believer in blue-ribbon policy making by experts, Hilsman liked the Special Forces as they originally were —an elite armed element of the CIA. Hilsman (and Kennedy) saw the Special Forces as a quasi-military political strike force, for which actual combat would be a secondary role. With Kennedy's death, the Special Forces lost their champion, and Johnson quickly turned them over to their archenemy, the Pentagon.

Hilsman sees American foreign policy at its best under the helm of a highly intelligent and decisive young President, who has weathered and learned from the Bay of Pigs blunder. He has unreserved praise for Kennedy's lonely and risky confrontation with Russia over the installation of missiles in Cuba, and describes him at his statesmanlike best in the engineering of the 1962 Geneva accords on Laos. He views Kennedy as the wise ruler, without whose sure hand children like Secretaries McNamara and Rusk, as well as the Joint Chiefs of Staff and the Congressional hotheads, would have ripped the ship of state asunder. Most of all, Hilsman sees Kennedy as a strong prince who refused to rely on raw military force as the basis of his foreign policy and wars.

In Kennedy, Hilsman saw the ideal practitioner of the new type of anti-Communist crusade, which seeks to beat the Communist war of national liberation, using the new tricks of the trade. This type of war is primarily and essentially political, and things like massive bombing and giant, divisional ground operations have no part in it, Hilsman and Kennedy felt.

Hilsman muses on what would and would not have happened in Vietnam had Kennedy lived, and leaves the reader with the impression that the United States would not now be in the mess it is. Hilsman relates that he once gave a briefing at Kennedy's instance for key administration leaders on guerrilla warfare. Among those present was Vice President Johnson, who showed so little

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interest in the subject that he spent most of the time going back and forth to a phone to keep tabs on a political development in Texas.

It is clear that Hilsman holds Johnson's circumscribed reliance on raw force in foreign policy in contempt. The former New Frontiersman offers some extremely interesting statistics in support of his obliquely phrased attack on Johnson. He cites Pentagon figures estimating that in the early part of the Vietnamese War the Vietcong required only 5 or 6 tons of supplies a day from the outside world to maintain their offensive, and that even by early 1966, the figure had risen to only 12 tons a day! Such a tiny requirement hardly supports the Johnson view that the Vietcong depends on massive infiltration of supplies from the Communist bloc.

Further, it is obvious that even under saturation bombing by American planes, enemy supply lines could easily sneak the small daily quota to the guerrillas in the South. The point, of course, is that the Vietcong has always supplied itself, with only minor supplements from the outer world.

The same is true of Vietcong manpower. Hilsman cites other Pentagon statistics that effectively refute both the Pentagon and Johnsonian contentions that the enemy in South Vietnam is a foreign Communist army. For instance, the figures show that in 1964, the Vietcong suffered 17,000 killed and 4,200 captured. Balanced against this, the Pentagon estimates 7,400 enemy Vietnamese troops were infiltrated into the South from North Vietnam. But—again, according to Pentagon statistics—total Vietcong strength in the South at the beginning of 1966 was 92,000, while at the end of the year it was 124,000.

To make these figures balance, the Vietcong must be assumed to have *recruited in South Vietnam* 45,800 new combatants during 1964! But the figures for 1965, the year massive bombing of North Vietnam began, are even more dramatic. In that year, according to Pentagon statistics, the enemy infiltrated 19,000 troops from North Vietnam. But to account for the sharp increase in enemy strength despite their growing casualties, the Vietcong must have recruited between 112,900 and 142,900 in South Vietnam alone in 1965!

It is hard to escape the conclusion from these figures that America has suffered and is continuing to suffer a staggering political defeat in Vietnam. Vastly greater numbers of Vietnamese each year are preferring the Vietcong side to ours, despite the mounting military and economic pressure we apply.

This is an impression abundantly confirmed by my own observations during a five-year tour as a reporter in Vietnam, by the way—an impression that to this day seems not to have affected most of Washington. There has never been a doubt in my mind that the war in Vietnam is political. Belatedly, even President Johnson appears to have recognized at least one political aspect of the war—that, as General Westmoreland recently put it, our Achilles' heel is our resolve. National resolve is an aspect of politics, and even in conventional war it plays a role on both sides of any line.

On one side among America's policy makers are those, like President Kennedy and Hilsman, who are inclined to fight the Communists with the "gray warfare" of politico-military tactics in Asia and the rest of the Third World. These are the men who believe that such wars must be fought on a limited and semi-secret plane, led and directed by an elite of experts.

On the other hand, there have been those like President Johnson, Dean Rusk and the Air Force generals who believe primarily in brute military force, in which God is presumed to be on the side of the big battalions. Both points of view have had their turns at bat.

America has not lacked for men of intelligence, experience and missionary zeal in fighting the shadow war in Vietnam over the decades. During World War II, the same OSS in which Roger Hilsman served, worked with Ho Chi Minh and his guerrilla forces, fighting the Japanese. Later, when Washington decided to back France against Ho and the Vietminh, Saigon and Hanoi again swarmed with American experts. American money and supplies played a gigantic role in that war, too. As Hilsman points out, America paid for around 70 per cent of French war costs in 1954, the final year of the Indo-China war.

Following the truce at Geneva, the long stream of American experts began arriving in Saigon, each to try his hand as an amateur nation builder.

There was Col. Edward Landsdale, the CIA man who had proved his mettle in the Philippines, and who now undertook to reshape the body politic in Vietnam.

There was Wolf Ladejinsky, who lived across the street from the palace as President Diem's personal adviser on everything from defensive villages to land reform.

There was a high-powered mission headed by Dr. Wesley Fishel from Michigan State University, which aimed at creating a new nation. Heavily supported by the CIA, an institute for training Vietnamese public officials was created, along with a shiny new police establishment. Among the innovations the American experts brought were telephone tapping and bugging equipment and other gadgets that were put to effective use in crushing political opposition to Diem.

There was a stream of American military advisers who managed to create, train and arm a new Vietnamese army. The new army undoubtedly would have fought well in Korea or World War II. Unfortunately, it was virtually worthless against the Vietcong—not because the Vietnamese made bad soldiers but because the American pattern of warfare had no place in Vietnam.

There were ex-CIA men like Rufus Phillips and other American civilians —Ev Bumgartner, John Vann and Dr. George Tanham, to name a few—who worked with the fire of revolutionaries to build a nation in Vietnam. There was Jerry Rose, a newsman who decided in 1965 to participate in the Vietnamese government as an adviser, and died a few months later in a flaming crash.

There was (and is) even a club of Vietnam buffs, known as The American Friends of Vietnam, which was a frequent participant in Vietnamese affairs of state.

America's political elite was for many years involved in the war in Vietnam. Despite the dedication and frequent heroism of this group, it failed in virtually everything it undertook. For one thing, no two American experts ever seemed to be in complete agreement on anything, and much of the fighting was between Americans. For another, America as a whole has never backed its experts.

But in a broader context, many of the ideas that seemed to work well on a small scale never worked out when expanded. The British adviser to Vietnam who exerted perhaps the strongest influence of all on President Kennedy, Robert K. G. Thompson, once told me: "You know, somehow whenever the Americans double the effort they manage to square the error."

President Johnson had always held the experts more or less in contempt, and made it plain that if they didn't quickly nail the necessary number of coonskins to the wall, he would invoke his own Draconian approaches. President Johnson is still at bat, but we're in the ninth inning now, and the home team is still badly behind.

One can't resist the image of a Vietnamese *nha que* (peasant) sitting in front of his hut, reading Hilsman's new book,

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a wry smile on his face. Is it possible that the old *nha que* is thinking, "a pox on all their houses"? I think that's exactly how Vietnam reacts to the torture of American policy politics.

When America is not politically bungling its relations with Asia, it seems to vent its spleen by bombing and destroying. Either way, Vietnam is the loser. Granting that Asian communism is a brutal force that hardly does much to make life happier for the average peasant, America has yet to demonstrate that it can do better.

Putting down Hilsman's book, one wonders whether some form of isolationism with respect to Asia would really be such a bad idea after all. Would Asia really be so much worse off without us around? Would we really be any worse off without Asia? Probably we shall never have the chance to find out. Asia and America seem doomed to play out their tragic drama to the end.

MacDiarmid: Highland Red

SEAN CRONIN

Mr. Cronin is a journalist who has lived in Ireland and the United States, and has written for publications in both countries.

Hugh MacDiarmid is a major poet of our time, but it is hard to grasp that fact because his politics and his personality and even his poetry keep getting in the way. All three are incomprehensible to most people without the aid of a glossary.

A face-to-face encounter such as the recital in May at the 92nd Street Young Men's and Young Women's Hebrew Association (under the auspices of the Poetry Center and the Lincoln Center Festival '67) ends such doubts. The voice of unconquered Scotland is strong and unequivocal still. It is a marvel to hear, thundering and burring with all the forcefulness, freshness and fire we have come to associate with the name and works of Hugh MacDiarmid, *nom de guerre* of Christopher Murray Grieve.

A living legend on his native heath —and to admirers everywhere—he is, for reasons of state, on a first visit to America at the ripe age of 75. There on the stage of the Poetry Center he stood in tartan kilt, ready and eager to do battle with his enemies. Short, square, wiry, his granitelike features seem milder than his pictures would lead one to believe. Uncompromising eyes fixed the audience of 300 or so. He quickly discovered he was among friends. They had come to cheer and hear.

Many stood when he emerged from the wings with M. L. Rosenthal of New York University shortly after 8.30 P.M.; and all stood two hours later when he walked off the stage alone. It was one measure of his way with people and words: warm, honest, direct. He says what he has to say and is silent. He says it well.

The audience seemed predominantly middle-aged and conventionally attired, but there was a strong sprinkling of youth. It was a knowing audience, subdued at first, quick to laughter, at ease with a cherished friend—a much neglected poet who though old and tired and a trifle deaf is at heart an angry young rebel still.

While Mr. Rosenthal traced MacDiarmid's development as a poet, the man who long, long ago wrote the masterpiece *A Drunk Man Looks at the Thistle* listened with interest as if hearing the tale of another. He has been ranked with Burns and credited with creating a literary revolution in Scotland. He has been a source of inspiration to a couple of generations of poets. He is in most anthologies, including Yeats's controversial *Oxford Book of Modern Verse*. He has published a dozen books and is one of the most original and provocative writers at work today. Yet it is nearly impossible to get at his works. A couple of weeks ago none of four Village bookshops I visited carried anything by him or on him. That matter is being partly rectified by Macmillan, which has issued a revised edition of his poems with an enlarged glossary and—as Mr. Rosenthal noted —minus the typographical errors that marred the first edition.

Strong and authoritative, with a prophet's passion, his words rolled across the footlights:

Auden, MacNeice, Day Lewis, I have read them all,
Hoping against hope to hear the authentic call.
A tragical disappointment. . . .
And know the explanation I must pass is this
—You cannot light a match on a crumbling wall.

An inspired beginning and off the program. At the last minute MacDiarmid exercised the poet's prerogative and changed the selections. Not really though, for most of what had been promised came later anyway. The first section was devoted to English, the second to the livelier Scots verse. An intermission divided them.

You may say MacDiarmid is a satirist in the Swiftian sense, that his poems are replete with social comment and protest, that he writes charming lyrics. But to understand his range you must hear him speak the lines. That's an experience. He read "The Glass of Pure Water," "Reflections in a Slum," "At My Father's Grave," "In the Children's Hospital," "First Love," "Cattle Show" —all in straightforward English, which as everybody knows is a dialect of Scots.

Fellow Scottish poet Norman MacCaig introduced the second section striking exactly the right note in his witty, lightly ironic, slightly skeptical remarks. He told how one day Christopher Murray Grieve discovered a Scot dictionary, devoured it, and emerged from the experience as Hugh MacDiarmid how critics contend that the trouble with Hugh MacDiarmid—who lists his recrea

CATTLE SHOW

I shall go among red faces and virile voices,
See stylish sheep, with fine heads and well-wooled,
And great bulls mellow to the touch,
Brood mares of marvelous approach, and geldings
With sharp and flinty bones and silken hair.

And through th' enclosure draped in red and gold
I shall pass on to spheres more vivid yet
Where countesses' coque feathers gleam and glow
And, swathed in silks, the painted ladies are
Whose laughter plays like summer lightning there.

HUGH MacDIARMID

From *Collected Poems of Hugh MacDiarmid.* Revised Edition with Enlarged Glossary prepared by John C. Weston. The Macmillan Co. 498 pp. $7.95.

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tion as "Anglophobia"—is that he missed the Battle of Flodden and has been trying to make up for it since; how he founded the Scottish Nationalist Party with four others on the firm foundation of hatred for England; how he became the gadfly of Scotland whose preaching and practice have affected everyone in the country—including those who can't abide him. As for his politics, that's quite a simple matter: he is simultaneously a Scottish nationalist and a Marxian internationalist.

The program gave text and glossary for the eleven Scots poems. The poet went over them in English first and the difficulties disappeared quickly. The words are sharp, vigorous, musical: raw speech of field and street with Burns's "spark o' nature's fire." What we heard ranged from the haunting delight of "Crowdieknowe":

Oh to be at Crowdieknowe
When the last trumpet blaws,
An' see the deid come loupin' owre
The auld grey wa's

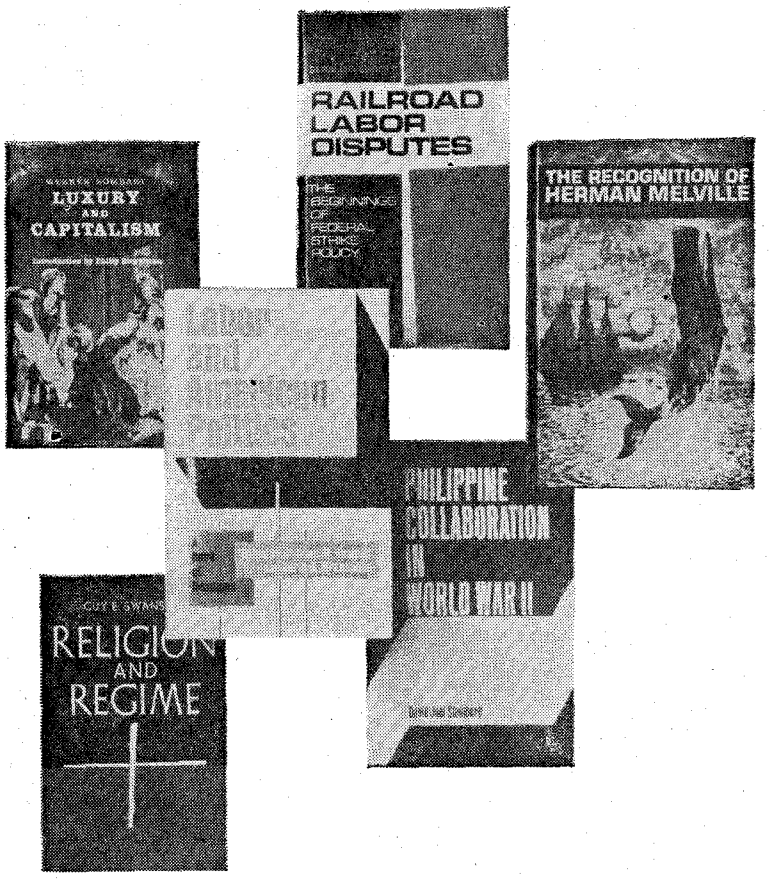
o the weary sadness of "Lourd on My Hert":

Lourd (heavy) on my hert as winter lies
The state that Scotland's in the day.
Spring to the North has aye come slow
But noo dour winter's like to stay
For guid
And no' for guid!

Nae wonder if I think I see
A lichter shadow than the neist (nearest)
I'm fain to cry: "The dawn, the dawn!
I see it brakin' in the East."
But ah
—It's juist mair snaw!

That raises the question of "synthetic cots," a matter MacDiarmid discussed t some length during the question and nswer session. His vocabulary includes ncient and modern Scottish idiom. /hen he came on the scene the tongue ad disintegrated into many dialects and as incapable of providing a medium or high poetry. In the 15th and 16th enturies Scotland was considered the ountainhead of song in Europe; faced y the competition of English, backed / English political power, the language egan to fade. It is now encouraged in ie schools and universities, but the ajority of Scottish teachers are "hopessly Anglicized," MacDiarmid says. 'hich leads him naturally to the point at political independence is necessary r the revival of a language and the eation of a national literature.

Yes, he wrote his poems straight out the dictionary. But poetry, as Malrmé said, is made with words, not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ideas; and words are found in a dictionary. Now he is concentrating on longer poems in Scots. He thinks short poems are too much like peering through a keyhole. (Heine adopted the same view after his early songs achieved an enormous popularity.) As MacDiarmid talks on about Scots it becomes clear how one great writer can affect a language, even raise it from the tomb. Like Burns in another age. To appreciate the verse that is "hamely in attire" you have to know something about the attire.

The question and answer period brought up the name of another Scots writer, James Leslie Mitchell, a prolific novelist of the early 1930s who used the *nom de plume* Lewis Grassic Gibbon and died at the age of 34. MacDiarmid considers his trilogy, "A Scots Quair," the best example of working-class literature anywhere. Journalist, historian, archaeologist, explorer, aviator—his body craved action and his mind teemed with ideas. Gibbon collaborated with MacDiarmid in 1934 in a book on Scotland —the same year that he published three others: *Grey Granite*, which is Part 3 of the trilogy and deals with an industrial city in economic crisis; *The Conquest of the Maya* and the biography of an explorer. He died the following year.

"His influence on Scottish literature will continue," said MacDiarmid, "as long as Scotland lives."

A woman some seats behind me said rather sadly: "I never heard of him." It's a pity. But she's not alone.

The questions and MacDiarmid's answers skimmed lightly over Scotland's political future. The appeal of the Scottish Nationalist Party is growing, he said, especially among the young; "it is coming up like milk on the boil." The Labor Party has had its day in Scotland. He is no longer a member of the nationalist group which is "bourgeois controlled"; he doesn't want just a Scottish Parliament: he wants a Scottish Socialist Parliament. MacDiarmid sees it coming.

A Style of Anxiety

THE SENSE OF AN ENDING: Studies in the Theory of Fiction. *By Frank Kermode. Oxford University Press. 187 pp. $5.75.*

DAVID J. GORDON

Mr. Gordon teaches English at Hunter College. He is the author of D. H. Lawrence as a Literary Critic *(Yale University Press).*

Frank Kermode studies the theory not only of literary fiction but of fiction in general, "the ways we try to make sense of our lives . . . especially at a moment in history when it may be harder than ever to accept the precedents of sense-making—to believe that any earlier way of satisfying one's need to know the shape of life in relation to the perspective of time will suffice." His treatment of this intricate subject requires and repays slow reading. It is recondite, aloof, concise (rather difficult to imagine in its original lecture form), but also acute, very sophisticated, and surely valuable to anyone who gives thought to the theoretical issues of modern art, philosophy and perhaps even science.

Kermode interests us in the continuing human effort to reconcile two contrary needs: the need to believe and the need to doubt, to create and to de-create, to make and unmake models of our existence in time. (He assumes that temporal paradigms answer our most fundamental orientative need and have superseded spatial paradigms in modern thought, assumptions which I shall not attempt to evaluate except to say that he raises without quite answering E. H. Gombrich's objection that temporal and spatial models, in aesthetics, are not easily separated.) Thus he traces the persistence from the Bible to the modern novel both of "end-oriented" or "apocalyptic" fictions, which bind up meaningless temporal succession into significant duration, and of "clerkly scepticism," which spurs the creation of more sophisticated fictions by detecting the "mythic" or "escapist" elements in established ones.

It is his suggestion that Biblical apocalypse, picturing an imminent end, was in this manner superseded by tragedy, which rendered the end forever *immanent* by offering only a critical image of it (e.g., *King Lear*). Tragedies are "researches into death in an age too late for apocalypse, an age more aware that its fictions are themselves models of the human design on the world." He further suggests that tragedy was in turn demythologized and superseded by existential fiction, in which "the single unritualized death becomes the sole point of reference," in which meaninglessness is so respected as to threaten the very possibility of humanizing fiction.

When, as today, fiction is so distrusted yet still so needed, it may "degenerate into myth," i.e., become unconscious, thus evading our skepticism but also orienting us falsely and dangerously to reality. Aware that modern literary fictions have dangerous relations among modern political myths, Kermode formulates the following distinctions:

> Fictions can degenerate into myth whenever they are not consciously held to be fictive. In this sense [Nazi] anti-Semitism is a degenerate fiction, a myth; and *Lear* is a fiction. . . . Fictions are for finding things out, and they change as the needs of sense-making change. . . .
>
> On Vaihinger's view, the fictional *as if* is distinguished also from hypothesis because it is not in question that at the end of the finding-out process it will be dropped. . . .
>
> So my suggestion is that literary fictions belong to Vaihinger's category of the "consciously false."

The distinction between hypothesis and fiction may be a useful corrective to Northrop Frye's infectious mythomania which levels and absorbs both, but I find the distinction between myth and fiction more congenial than useful. Was Shakespeare or Milton's belief in the Great Chain of Being "consciously false"? Was even Yeats's belief in *A Vision* altogether so? In practice, myth and fiction are difficult to separate. Appreciating the heuristic value of radical literature, yet hating totalitarian politics, we crave a sharp distinction between art and propaganda, but I don't think it is to be had.

In his excellent chapter, "The Modern Apocalypse," an extension of the argument in his first book, *Romantic Image*, Kermode may demonstrate the difficulty more than the importance of this distinction by berating certain sophisticated early Modernists (Yeats, Eliot, Pound, Lewis, Lawrence) for regressing in their conception of history *from fiction to myth, from conscious* trying out to unconscious acceptance. They lapsed into the "myth of crisis," viewing the degenerate present as trembling more or less permanently on the verge of apocalypse. They forgot that "crisis is a way of thinking about one's moment, and is not inherent in the moment itself." Kermode is at his clerkly best in unmaking this myth of crisis:

> I don't find it easy to see the uniqueness of our situation. It is commonplace to talk about our historical situation as uniquely terrible and in a way privileged, a cardinal point in time. But can it really be so? It seems doubtful that our crisis, our relation to the future and to the past, is one of

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> the important differences between us and our predecessors. Many of them felt as we do. If the evidence looks good to us, so it did to them. Perhaps if we have a terrible privilege it is merely that we are alive and are going to die, all at once or one at a time. Other people have noticed this, and expressed their feelings about it in images different from ours, armies in the sky, for example, or a palpable Antichrist; and these have been discarded. But it would be childish to argue, in a discussion of how people behave under eschatological threat, that nuclear bombs are more real and make one experience more authentic crisis-feelings than armies in the sky.

I wish he had maintained this fine skepticism when he turned in his final chapters—with a sudden access of eloquence—to the radical *later* Modernists, who gave up the idea of degeneration for the idea of schism. Kermode is clerkly enough to be suspicious of a "total break with the past," of the schismatic aesthetics advocated or announced by such extremists as Robbe-Grillet, Harold Rosenberg and Marshall McLuhan. Thus he sides with Gombrich against Rosenberg in their lively debate on the New; and with Sartre against Robbe-Grillet for understanding that fictions, though "deeply distrusted," are "humanly necessary." But he seems to share with the writers he admires most, Sartre and Wallace Stevens, a belief that to be modern and creative is uniquely anguishing. With Sartre we know that "the very forms of art make us feel guilty." With Stevens "we know so desolately that *is* and *as* are one." With all our significant writers "we are muddled about what we can take on trust from the past."

Perhaps what is new is only the style of our anxiety. Today, as Kermode points out, we self-consciously use fiction to explore the problems of fiction. But does it follow that our "poverty" (Stevens) or "need" (Sartre) is keener? Or only that we talk about it differently? *The Sense of an Ending* contains much unemphasized evidence of the fact that this metaphysical nakedness was experienced long before Modernism: by Greek philosophers, church fathers and Renaissance poets. The author is beguiled by Sartre's Existential Man, seeming to regard this construct as the unadorned truth of the human situation rather than itself a myth—or at best a fiction.

Consider Sartre's man briefly. He has no relevant past. Insofar as he claims that his actions are psychologically determined, he is guilty of bad faith. He feels himself *de trop* in the world. His very existence is a sin. And this is called freedom, the realization of which induces dread or nausea.

Such freedom sounds exactly like the enslaving determinism Sartre detests, like the weight of some guilt-laden compulsion laid down by the past. Sartre seems unwilling to accept the partial freedom man really has because it entails accepting also the power of unconscious determination: he chooses total freedom, repressing his actual dependence. If this is so, every creative act, which inevitably requires taking from the past, would arouse "causeless" anxiety or revulsion.

In his closing paragraph Kermode says in effect that the burdensome freedom achieved by systematic doubt is our only alternative to Necessity and hence our only proof of the authenticity of the creative power in us. Well, creation may require initial de-creation, but it does not require the questioning of every assumption, if this were possible. It does not require such radical renunciations as the one expressed in the beautiful last stanza of Stevens' "Sunday Morning," where we are deprived not only of a god but also of a society and are left only deer, quail, berries and pigeons! Such radical renunciations suggest an effort to release the imagination from some obscure—but hardly causeless—guilt. The problem of the creative man may be not so much *what* as *how* he can take from the past.

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Art and the Book Reviewer

THINK BACK ON US: A Contemporary Chronicle of the 1930's. *By Malcolm Cowley. Edited with an Introduction by Henry Dan Piper. Southern Illinois University Press. 400 pp. $10.*

LEONARD KRIEGEL

Mr. Kriegel teaches English at the City College of New York, and is currently working on a novel and on a study of politics and literature in contemporary America.

The revival of interest in the 1930s continues, and those of us who were born during the depression can now see that for all its sins—and they are numerous—the decade was never that artistically barren landscape depicted for us by so many of the critical theologians who dominated a large segment of university English Departments in the 1950s. Beginning with Edmund Wilson's *The Shores of Light* in 1952, the political and literary fervor of the decade has been revived by a number of writers. Malcolm Cowley is the most recent to remind us of that peculiar excitement with *Think Back on Us*, a collection of essays and book reviews written during the thirties. Both as another perspective on the decade, and as a collection of essays by one of the foremost critics in this country, the book must be welcomed.

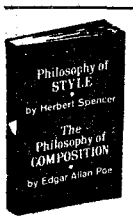
Think Back on Us is also a much needed tribute to a man who has served American culture very well, one who, along with Wilson and Kenneth Burke, helped not only to shape but also to record the American scene in the 1930s. They were all men of letters in the European sense of the term, and each was both singular and representative. Just as Randolph Bourne and Van Wyck Brooks made of the radical stance a critical position capable of challenging American life between 1909 and the end of the First World War, so Wilson, Burke and Cowley fought to prevent radicalism from being submerged beneath the peculiar provincialism which has always been the most serious threat to the nation's intellectual health. Their chief weapon was the book review. One wonders whether at any other time in our history it was so seriously conceived. In the epilogue to this book, Cowley speaks of his own weekly reviews as an "art form," a "blank-verse meditation," a "private journal."

Cowley succeeded Edmund Wilson as *The New Republic*'s book review editor, a position he was to occupy from 1930 to 1941. If he did not possess Wilson's broad scholarship, he did have an extraordinarily sensitive mind—far more sensitive to the nuances of poetry, for instance, than Wilson's was—and large areas of intellectual and artistic interest which he wished to explore along with his readers. To read *Think Back on Us*—even those essays in which Cowley's judgments seem wrong, such as a 1936 review of Eliot's *Collected Poems* which terms Eliot a "minor poet"—is to be made depressingly aware that there is no reviewer today doing quite this kind of thing, none who consistently attempts to see both a work and its origins.

We are still, by and large, the victims of a rather narrow methodological criticism: we still separate aesthetic from social considerations, as if art were a pineapple to be macheted in half. But the relationship of the literary and social scenes was something Cowley could take for granted even before the 1930s; *Exile's Return*, still the best source book on what the 1920s were actually like for the expatriate generation, reflects his idealism as much as *Think Back on Us* does. If his spiritual parenthood passed from Emerson to Marx and back to Emerson again, his vision remained singular in its insistence that the function of art was more than decorative—an idea that both Marx and Emerson would have welcomed. Cowley believed that the artist had the right, if not the obligation, to demand changes in the human condition and to employ his art to that end. We are just beginning to get over our embarrassment about art that is didactic and to consider the idea that perhaps art must help transform that which is unlivable. What we must keep in mind is what Cowley instinctively knew—where the didactic is obtrusive, the work suffers.

Henry Dan Piper, who edited *Think Back on Us*, has tried to give us a representative sampling of Cowley's work during the 1930s. What we view is a mind in various stages of development. Cowley's Marxism, for instance, can be seen in a number of manifestations, from a review of Trotsky's *My Life* in which Cowley's incipient orthodoxy defeats his critical perception—his tone at the end of the review is almost triumphant as he dismisses Trotsky to "the dustbin of history"—to the detachment of his retrospective "Farewell to the 1930s." Since the comparison with Wilson is inevitable, it is interesting to stand this piece alongside Wilson's "Marxism at the End of the Thirties," which was included in *The Shores of Light*. In some ways, Cowley's Marxism ran deeper than Wilson's; at no time did he look at it with Wilson's patrician suspicion. By 1933, Wilson was already moving away from Marxist orthodoxy, at the very time when so many other American writers, including Cowley, were moving toward it. But if Wilson saw what was happening to Marxism before most other American writers did, Cowley was able to salvage more from his experience; he was never victimized by his beliefs, as Wilson was.

One cannot conceive of Cowley's writing a book like *Europe Without Baedeker* or the incredibly naive *The Cold War and the Income Tax*. Cowley's loss was not personal. Consequently, he is far less nostalgic. Unlike Wilson, he seems to have been able to take from the thirties whatever he could take and then moved on. He is still interested in what younger American writers



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FLOATS

What is human in me—
dreams that repeat,
incitement of figures
riding in on waves—
sorrow in me
that what arises
must in like manner fade—
face bent over my sleep
easing the pain when I woke—
what is meaningful to me
must from time to time at least
be my reality,
not unlike the soil
a plant needs to grow,
must be around me—
faces in whom
is deeply inscribed
feeling for suffering,
eyes that state
facts that can't be said.
No one can take bloom in hands,
though it may seep through pores
and make one shudder in the dark.
Walls I seek
with flowers strung from top,
the height where hidden gardens start,
full life of the senses, of the heart,
floats I can imagine but not see;—
the invisible suggested by
the visible to stir
what is human in me.

ARTHUR GREGOR

are doing, while Wilson—admittedly the one American deserving of the Nobel Prize—wonders aloud about his 'pocket of the past." Where Wilson has the edge over Cowley is in his vast learning. The opening essay in *Think Back on Us* is an attack on Babbitt, More and their fellow humanists. But to compare this to Wilson's "Notes on Babbitt and More" is to see how superior Wilson's ammunition is—few other critics could correct Babbitt's Greek.

Most of Cowley's literary judgments retain their power to persuade—more often than not, he is both correct and illuminating. Rarely did he permit himself the luxury of a judgment based on political indolence. Whether he is writing of Mann's *Joseph* or Faulkner's *Pylon*, he accedes only to the demands of his own broad human and literary sympathies. Although he didn't separate the two functions, he was a better literary than social critic. The social reporting reprinted in this volume does not leave us with a sense of the depression's bitterness, as Wilson's *The American Jitters* did. Lacking Wilson's eye and scholarship, Cowley's advantage seems to have been a sensitivity which expanded during the years. It was this which enabled him to see what was worth while in Somerset Maugham without losing his perspective.

In his introduction, Henry Dan Piper speaks of how he came to put this book together out of his "need for a source book . . . in the intellectual, social, and literary history of the Thirties." That he found such a book in the essays and reviews of a single man is sufficient testimony to Cowley's stature as a critic. The only reservation I have about how Professor Piper did his job is that his division of the pieces into "The Social Record" and "The Literary Record" is artificial and serves to dissipate the very kind of energy that makes Cowley's work so representative of the thirties. And just because *Think Back on Us* is both good and timely, I must object to its cost: $10 is an outrageous price for a collection of essays first published between 1931 and 1941. It might be advisable to remind the publishers that Malcolm Cowley wrote for people, not for college and university libraries.

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The Glory of Poor Living

SHEPHERDS OF THE NIGHT. *By Jorge Amado. Translated from the Portuguese by Harriet de Onis. Alfred A. Knopf. 365 pp. $5.95.*

MARYSA N. GERASSI
Mrs. Gerassi teaches Latin American history at Newark State College.

In *Shepherds of the Night*, Jorge Amado brings to life the crapshooters, thieves and prostitutes of the streets of Bahia: Caporal Martim, the fair-haired boy of the brothels, a master at *capoeira* fighting, an artist at cards; Bullfinch, a "spieler" by professon, expert in talk of love, but perpetually deceived by his sweethearts, mistresses and fiancées; Carnation-in-his-Buttonhole, who cannot work because of his delicate health and who feeds his wife, seven children and his craving to gamble by stealing; Mother Tibéria, madam of the liveliest brothel in Bahia; Otália, the 16-year-old whore who plays with dolls after the customers leave; and old Jesuíno Crazy Cock whose opinions on any matter are respected by all.

Amado weaves the lives of these people through three incidents: a wedding, a christening and a squatters' invasion, telling his stories in simple and spicy language, exactly as one of his characters would speak. We can almost see him in a tavern at dusk, wetting his dry lips with sips of rum, pouring out tales in a torrent of love for his characters. He makes no attempt to justify their values, their principles or their morality; he simply describes the way they live. Only in the third story, "The Invasion of Cat Wood or The Friends of the

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ONE MAN'S VIEW

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People," does Amado measure his Bahians against the government officials and politicians whose middle- and upper-class values he finds immoral.

The *Shepherds of the Night* are Bahia's poor, and Amado has given us a deeply moving and funny picture of life in the slums. Although he sees in them certain unique characteristics, his poor are very much like the poor of other cities and his "civilization of the Bahian people" is very close to Oscar Lewis' "culture of poverty." Bahians live in a closed world of violence and brutality, without medical facilities or education, where major events are those like the wedding of the free-wheeling Caporal Martim to Marialva, the whore from the backlands with the sweet, false smile and a mole on her shoulder. It is a world with its own laws, its own social standards and its own religion. Catholic saints are swallowed by powerful African gods who are also marvellously mobile: at the christening of Negro Massu's child, Ogun, the god of iron, manages to manifest himself at the proper moment at the Bahian church even though he has just been present at long-drawn-out rites in Nigeria, and at an important celebration in Santiago de Cuba."

Amado's shepherds live mostly at night —the shadows protect them from the police. They talk, drink, satisfy their desire for mulattoes at Mother Tibéria's brothel and, possessed by their ancient gods, dance in voodoo celebrations. Those who do not sleep on the beach live in shacks or one-room flats. They hardly work—only the prostitutes hold regular jobs—and the men work whenever they need money for gambling, drinking or dancing at a *candomblé*. Though newcomers join them, Bahia's slum dwellers never leave their city except to escape the police—and they return as soon as it is safe.

For Caporal Martim, Bullfinch and their friends, life is the present, expressing itself in a passionate solidarity against the outside world made up of politicians, police, journalists and even sociologists, all using the poor in one way or another. Here the poor survive because they are "hard nuts to crack." They know there is no tomorrow, and no escape. As Jesuíno Crazy Cock says "A poor person does more than should be expected of him by just living, living in the face of such wretchedness, difficulties of every sort, dire poverty, sickness, the lack of help, living when there would seem to be reason only to die."

Amado's poor not only refuse to die they also make an art of living.

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